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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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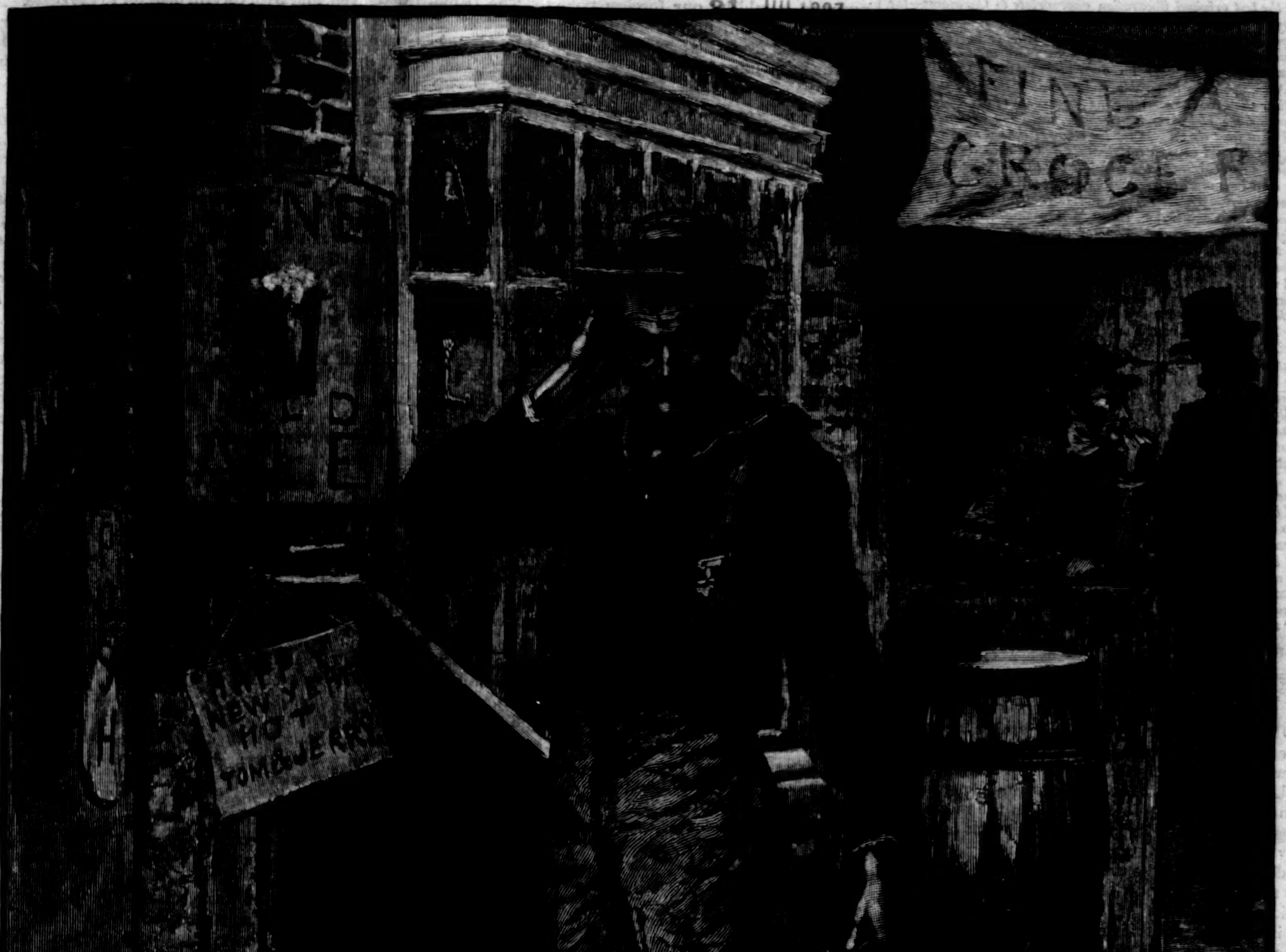
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GOOD RESOLUTIONS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1st *of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December,* 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

THE COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE.

CONGRESS met on the 3d of December, and elected a Speaker who had been selected after a month of personal canvass. On the 24th of December the Speaker announced the committees, and Congress adjourned until the 3d of January. In the mean time no legislation has been possible, and it thus takes precisely a month for Congress to get ready to begin. The delay is due to the time necessary for the Speaker to acquire some knowledge of the members, and to consider the "claims" of locality and politics and fitness in the choice of chairmen, and in the assignments to the committees. In the House this task is performed by the Speaker alone. In the Senate the committees are selected by a caucus of the majority. It is sometimes suggested that the House should appoint its committees in the same way. But in so large a body it would be impossible that the proper care should be taken to satisfy the various proper conditions of such appointments, and it is a much wiser course to choose an agent who shall devote himself exclusively to the work.

This plan, indeed, occasions delay, and it is a much more serious objection that under the system of a personal canvass, which means a personal entreaty for votes, there is great temptation to bargaining. But the disadvantages of the present system, while evident and undeniable, are less than those of a caucus scramble for the places, while the fact that the Speaker's power over legislation, through the committees, is so decisive that it makes the House extremely careful to choose a Speaker who fully represents its views. A fitting chairman of the Committee upon Ways and Means, or upon Foreign Affairs, according to the views of the majority, is very much more likely to be selected by an agent chosen for the purpose than by the whole House acting as a mass-meeting. As legislation is initiated and largely controlled by the committees, the delay seems to be unavoidable in a body whose members change so rapidly as those of the House. The committee system, however, might be wisely changed in certain details. The command which the chairman holds over debate upon a bill reported by him is mischievous. A committee, having duly deliberated and matured a measure, upon submitting it to the House should be virtually discharged of the subject, and the chairman should not have control of the debate in any manner whatever. The duty of a committee should end with the preparation of the matter for discussion. The House can make what inquiries it wishes, and can recommit the bill if it desires. But it is not the committee's bill when it is reported; it belongs to the House; and every member, including the chairman who reports the bill, should stand upon precisely the same footing.

The committees just named by the Speaker undoubtedly represent the views of the majority in the House. Mr. MORRISON, the chairman of the chief committee—that on Ways and Means—is what his friends describe as a sound revenue reformer, which means a conservative free-trader, which again means an advocate of tariff revision in the free-trade sense. The Democratic recoil from the words free trade is both amusing and suggestive. Mr. CURTIN'S special qualifications for the headship of the Foreign Affairs Committee are not generally known. But those who are presumably most friendly to Mr. COX could not but feel the impropriety of placing at the head of that committee a gentleman whose course upon the Irish question and toward the Irish vote has not commended him to the confidence of the country as a desirable agent in moulding our foreign policy. The Democratic House will now proceed to show what might be expected from the party were it called to administer the government.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

THE *Times* has published a series of interesting letters from New England, evidently by a skilled observer, discussing the relative strength in public favor of the more conspicuous gentlemen who are mentioned for the Republican Presidential nomination. In Connecticut he finds a warm feeling for President ARTHUR; in Vermont, a united and proud preference for Mr. EDMUNDS, the Senator of the State; in New Hampshire, no very pronounced preference for any one; and in Maine by no means unanimity for Mr. BLAINE, although the correspondent thinks that the delegation would be united for him should he desire it to be so. In all these States there is a very general conviction that the Convention, and not a clique of bosses, will nominate the candidate, and that is a universal conviction throughout the country. There will undoubtedly be more independence of action and of expression of opinion in the civil service than for many a year, and this will be due both to the obvious public opinion upon the subject and to the regard for that opinion which the President has shown. Indeed, the strength of the President in the canvass for the nomination is that he has not used the patronage upon Mr. DOOLITTLE'S theory that the whole civil service is a "bread-and-butter brigade" of which he is the brigadier. He has not done many of the very things the apprehension of which made many persons look upon his succession to the Presidency as a public misfortune. It is his general conformity to the sound opinion both of the country and of his party, and the quiet and unsensational character of his administration, which have gained him the standing in public esteem which he holds.

This sentiment, indeed, is one of placid approval, and perhaps of gratified surprise; certainly not of enthusiastic personal preference, as in the case of Mr. BLAINE, and formerly of Mr. CLAY. Nor is the President a man of representative significance, as General GARFIELD was and as Mr. EDMUNDS is. Indeed, there are those who oppose the suggestion of his nomination upon the ground that he has no real sympathy with progressive politics, and if he can but secure a nomination and election, that he will come out in his true colors. But is it reasonable to suppose that a man will desert the course which experience has proved to him is the safest and best course for him to pursue? The danger of the President is that his nomination may be unsatisfactory to independent Republicans because of the assertion, which we have heard more than once, that while there has been a formal and technical regard for the reformed system in the civil service, his own friends and special appointees are allowed to abuse the service in the old way so long as they provoke no public scandal, while officers of another "stripe" are held to a very strict regard for the rules; that the old and familiar tricks about "temporary" appointments are still played; that in the Appraiser's office in New York, especially, the plain intention of the reformed system is disregarded; and that in certain offices the old methods of assessments were put in force at the last election. As such evasions are not improbable, when they are asserted they are readily believed, and a general conviction that the President winks at such practices would be very prejudicial to his prospects of nomination.

In all these speculations upon possible candidates, it is always wise to see what are the strongest things that can be said for the candidates that we do not like. Those who would regret the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, for instance, ought not to overlook the enthusiastic regard and political skill of his friends, and his great strength in the last Convention. They should remember that to many persons he is a representative of the GARFIELD administration, and those persons feel that there can be no real choice between such a representative and a candidate whom they hold to have been an actor in the events that led to the tragedy. If this feeling should be dismissed as mere sentiment, it must not be forgotten that sentiment is one of the most powerful of political forces. What but sentiment brought Secretary LINCOLN into the cabinet, and places him among the few probable candidates for the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency? The one thing which is indisputable in all these speculations is that no candidate can be strong who necessarily revives old party feuds, and that the common aim should be to find a man of the Presidential quality who does not revive them, and who would be acceptable to all views.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE question of saving the Adirondack forests has become one of commanding interest to the State, and it can not fail to be considered by the Legislature. The general situation is probably understood by our readers, and was admirably stated in a paper in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 15. The vast tract of forest which feeds the great rivers of the State is being destroyed, and with certain disaster to the State. Railroads are penetrating it in various directions for the purpose of carrying away the forest as lumber, leaving in its place a barren waste, and necessarily injuring every valley through which flow the streams that arise in the Adirondack region. It is computed that 10,000 acres will be stripped of trees and that 25,000,000 feet of lumber will be cut before the spring. Every tree that falls starts a leak in the great natural reservoir of water whose disappearance would be an immense public misfortune. The press in the State is generally alive to the imminence of the danger, and there should be some authoritative means of ascertaining the public sentiment upon the subject.

This has been the subject of consideration by the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. DORSHEIMER in a speech before the Chamber has proposed a plan. It is very simple and very feasible, for it is the appointment of a commission to make a thorough investigation—like that of the Niagara Commission, of which Mr. DORSHEIMER is a member—and to report to the Legislature what lands it is desirable for the State to buy, and then to submit the question of buying to a vote of the people. This seems to us an excellent scheme, because it would secure the promptest action. If nothing were to be done but to hope that the Legislature would do something, the Legislature would probably do nothing. It would hardly take the responsibility of authorizing a large loan for such a purpose without some clear indication of public opinion.

This could be readily obtained, doubtless, in the form of petitions asking for investigation, and in a year's time the whole work could be accomplished. It is true that such a purchase would offer chances of jobbery. But the probability of opening such chances is not a reason for permitting a great disaster to the State, although it is a most conclusive reason for guarding the enterprise in every way that experience and honest sagacity can provide. The same wise public spirit which moved so promptly in the Niagara project would certainly favor this movement, and the appointments of the Governor upon the Niagara Commission and upon the Civil Service Commission show his just and wise spirit in all such enterprises. He acts in them not as a partisan, but as a good citizen, and the confidence in his action for such purposes, which his administration has justified, is his highest title to honor. Mr. DORSHEIMER'S proposition is one which offers an objective point to the interest which is felt in the project, and the Chamber of Commerce might well organize a movement to secure an expression of that opinion to the Legislature.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

DURING the first month of the session of Congress three postal telegraph bills were introduced, and it may be assumed that the trouble of last summer, which threatened even a more serious disturbance of communication than actually occurred, will lead to some improvements in the postal system. The Postmaster-General is convinced, as his report shows, of the entire constitutionality of the proposed postal telegraph, but the necessary cost of its introduction apparently deterred him from recommending any particular measure. It is, however, obvious, from the experience of last summer, that a general and well-organized strike among the telegraph operators is always possible, not because of especial rapacity or "cussedness" upon their part—for they are a singularly intelligent and respectable body of persons—but rather because of the probable harshness of the corporate monopoly which controls the telegraph, and which is quite as much bound as the operators to regard the public convenience, and to sacrifice its views of its own interests.

Apart from this, however, the Post-office should avail itself of all the great inventions which facilitate epistolary intercourse. There is no more reason that it should confine itself to railroads when it can use the telegraph than that it should have clung to stage-coaches and horses and canal-boats when it could avail itself of the railroad and steamers. When, where, and how the telegraph should be used for postal communication is a question of expediency and detail. But it is not necessary to abstain from it altogether until it can be introduced everywhere. The Post-office, indeed, is not designed as a source of revenue, but as a universal national convenience for the common benefit. But it is not, for that reason, to be made an unnecessary burden upon the Treasury. It is, however, to reorganize the actual situation, and when the business of the country has adjusted itself to telegraphic correspondence, it would be a national disaster if that correspondence should be suddenly interrupted, and the Government may properly take measures to prevent it by a system of public postal telegraphs.

To this end Mr. Edmunds has offered a bill which is summarized in the Buffalo *Express* as follows: "It makes the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the Postmaster-General a board to locate and arrange four trunk lines of postal telegraph, connecting the northeastern, the northwestern, the western, the southwestern, and the southern parts of the United States with the city of Washington. It provides that along such lines offices shall be established at such places as shall be for the public interest for the time being; that from time to time the lines shall be extended, and additional offices established as Congress may provide; that the rates for the use of the lines shall be established by a board consisting of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Postmaster-General; that the lines shall be constructed and kept in repair under direction of the Secretary of War, and through the Corps of Engineers. Clerks, operators, electricians, and other employés are to be selected under the provisions of the civil service law, after examination by a board appointed for the purpose. The sum of $2,000,000 is appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, and the operation of the lines is to be under the direction and charge of the Postmaster-General."

This scheme contemplates beginning where the enterprise would largely re-imburse itself, and assumes that it would no more interfere with the private telegraphs than the transport of packages by mail conflicts with the express companies. The advantage of such a plan is that the entire control remains with the government, and the mischief of an increase of patronage is obviated by preventing its abuse.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND.

Americans who think that we are lectured and criticised too much by our British cousins will read with great satisfaction the little book *John Bull and his Island, by Max O'Rell*, which is said to be written by a French professor long resident in England. Whether he has lived there long or not, he is a very shrewd observer, and his survey includes almost every point of English life. His touch is very vivacious, and while he often stings, there is no ill-humor or prejudice, and the picture is painted quite as brightly as it should be.

It is not a flattering, but it is a truthful, estimate of English life as it strikes a genuine foreigner. The humbugs and pretenses of John Bull he quietly unmasks and exposes, but he is fully conscious of the good qualities that have given him his position in the world. He is not in the least dazzled or overwhelmed, and he does not find the English thing to be excellent or superior merely because it is English.

Indeed, the Frenchman does for John Bull, but with much more incisiveness, fineness of perception, and capital humor, what John Bull does for other nationalities. He is very fond of making us his topic, and naturally, because we speak the same language, and he can really know more about us in a short time than of any other people. Instead of being angry with our critics, it is much better to study them, and consider whether they have good reason for their censure or praise. We can easily imagine a sensible Englishman reading *John Bull and his Island* with a great deal of advantage, and even, in its candid light, moderating some of his exalted views of the perfection of Britain. We can also imagine an Englishman, who is not sensible, quite furious with the ridiculous Frenchman, and telling him that he had better go home to *la belle France*, and stump round in his wooden shoes, and eat his frog's hind-legs. The comfort is that there are no Americans of that temper.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

The correspondence about O'Donnell shows that nobody knew whether he had ever been regularly naturalized in this country or not, and that presumptively he had not been naturalized. But as he had a certificate, although perhaps by a mistake of the court or his own mistake, and although there might have been mistakes in his story about it, yet, as there was no evidence of fraud, the State Department instructed Mr. Lowell to consider his citizenship established. This was desperately straining a point, doubtless in the interest of humanity, and certainly a proceeding, as the courts say, not to be favored. If O'Donnell or any other foreigner seeks naturalization in good faith, to become honestly a citizen of the United States, friendly assumptions may be properly made. But where the object is evidently to obtain the protection of the United States while taking part in the affairs of other countries, there should be no friendly construction whatever, but a strict adherence to the plain letter of the law.

This case of O'Donnell illustrates the abuses perpetrated by foreigners upon American citizenship. The moral understanding of American naturalization is the honest purpose to become an American citizen. That and that alone is the purpose which the law contemplates. But many Germans seek naturalization to protect themselves against military service in Germany, and many Irishmen to secure immunity in fomenting hostility to England in Ireland. Naturalization, of course, bestows equal citizenship with that conferred by birth in the country. But so much of it is manifestly obtained, not from any desire to become an American citizen, but to remain practically the citizen of another country, with certain immunities which natives of that country do not enjoy, that the distinction is very natural between native and naturalized citizens as citizens of different kinds.

Most of the "American citizens" whose treatment by the British Government two years ago was so warmly denounced by certain papers and politicians in this country were men who were American citizens only in the form of naturalization. Their interests and sympathies were wholly with Ireland, and often much of their residence. The naturalization of such persons is an abuse and a peril to the country. They use American citizenship merely as a convenience for their operations elsewhere. A country has, of course, the right to protect itself against such perversions of its own purposes in granting its protection, and citizenship should be forfeited when it has been evidently obtained under false pretenses. It is not easy to provide practically for such renunciation. But it was attempted in the Bancroft treaty, and the comity of nations requires some method of maintaining both the dignity and the duties of citizenship. To our request that the British Government would ascertain whether this very doubtful, irregular, and assumed American citizen had been properly tried, the British Government replied curtly that the counsel of O'Donnell had submitted every point that he thought advisable, that they had all been carefully considered, and that there was no good reason for interfering with the course of law. American citizenship, regular or irregular, proved or assumed, is not a protection for the commission of crime.

A PROMISING FIELD OF INQUIRY.

The affairs of an institution called the Providence Hospital, in the city of Washington, would seem to merit investigation by some competent authority. The United States statutes provide:

> "For care and support and medical treatment of seventy-five transient paupers, medical and surgical patients, in the Providence Hospital, in the city of Washington, under a contract to be formed with said institution, $15,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, under the direction of the Surgeon-General of the Army, who shall cause an accurate report to be made monthly, of the number of persons so relieved, their names, residences, date of admission, and date of discharge."

In accordance with this provision the late Surgeon-General Barnes made a contract with the Superior of the hospital by which she was to keep ready seventy-five beds, to receive all patients who should be lawfully sent to the hospital by the Surgeon-General to the number of seventy-five, and to furnish all necessary care and treatment, to his satisfaction; and the Surgeon-General agreed to pay $1250 per month. This payment has been punctually made, according to a statement submitted to the President in December, 1880, upon the simple indorsement of the Surgeon-General, and without any voucher or evidence filed in the Treasury that any service has been performed.

One of the gentlemen who signed the statement had asked at the Surgeon-General's office for some details of the service at the hospital, and was informed that no such information could be given; that the records of the office would show the number of admission cards, but whether the persons named ever entered the hospital, or how long they remained, or whether they were cured or killed or discharged, or of any other fact concerning them, the Surgeon-General's office had no knowledge whatever. To corroborate this verbal statement a letter from the office stated that it had only reports of admissions, but no returns of cases treated.

This is obviously not the way in which the public money should be spent. It is plain that the Superior regularly receives the money, and manages the hospital as she chooses. But there is no official knowledge that the terms of the contract are complied with, and that the United States Treasury obtains what it pays for. This is a loose and intolerable method of transacting business, and when the matter was brought to the attention of the late Surgeon-General Barnes he made a reply which was promptly demolished by the rejoinder of the committee which sought to have the contract annulled for reasons which they forcibly present. Surgeon-General Murray has just succeeded to the headship of this important office, and he will undoubtedly see the propriety of requiring clear and conclusive evidence that an institution which is so liberally subsidized by the government renders a full and honorable equivalent, and does not pervert the grant to sectarian uses.

PERSONAL.

At a recent Paris dinner the host, M. Vacquerie, spoke of Victor Hugo as "the sovereign poet, who ushered in the century, and will close it, and whose long life numbers fewer years than masterpieces."

—Baron Eggers, after exploring the island of Porto Rico, reports that it is very richly endowed by nature, but miserably governed, and that the people themselves are not worth a much better government, being given to gambling in the extreme, from the rich planter and priest down to the lowest laborer and beggar. Yet they are hospitable and very polite to strangers, with that remarkable, unchanging, inbred Spanish politeness.

—A ponderous quarterly reviewer complains that Homer, though appreciating the life-long fidelity of a dog, ignores the varieties of the canine species. With him a dog is simply a dog, as a horse is a horse; but individual horses are distinguished by differences of color, while no color epithet is anywhere applied to a dog.

—The Rev. James Gilmour, Protestant missionary among the Mongols of Central Asia, was much impressed by the tender regard shown by that people for all forms of animal life, they believing that at death a man's soul passes into some other body, either of animal, reptile, or insect. Sixty per cent. of the men of the country are priests, vowed to celibacy, and living on the superstition of the remaining forty per cent.

—Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., professes to have had all his life great sympathy and pity for and much fellow-feeling with dull, slow, and quiet children.

—Liszt is now seventy-two, and vivacious as he was at forty. He seldom touches the piano, but (according to the Rev. H. R. Haweis) at unexpected moments, in the presence of some timid young girl overpowered with the honor of an introduction, or alone with a friend when old days are spoken of, he will sit down for a few minutes and recall a phrase of Chopin, or a quaint passage from Scarlatti, and then, forgetting himself, will wander on until a flash of the old fire comes back to his eyes as he strikes a few grand octaves, and just as you are lost in contemplation of that noble head, with its grand profile and its cascade of white hair, and those hands that still seem to be the absolutely unconscious and effortless ministers of his fitful and despotic will, the master will break off, like one suddenly *blasé*, with, "Come, let us take a little turn; it will be cool under the trees."

—Mr. Tennyson's peerage, according to a leading English journalist, was conferred on him "with the unanimous acclaim of the whole English-speaking race."

—Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of India, is less popular than he was. He has more than once been hooted in the streets of Calcutta.

—*The Conquest of England*, the long-promised posthumous work of John Richard Green, will be published in this country by Harper & Brothers. The book opens with a chapter on Eagberht, but the main portion of the work treats of the period A.D. 829–1071. A portrait of the author, after a drawing by Mr. F. Sandys, forms the frontispiece to the book.

—A memorial hospital in honor of the late Princess Alice has been erected in Darmstadt, and the inaugural addresses did full justice to that lady's charity, benevolence, and other noble qualities.

—Two things, says King Alfonso, are deeply rooted in the Spanish character. They are antipathy to France and hatred of the Moors.

—Mr. Walter, M.P., considers the bicycle to be one of the most wonderful inventions of modern times; a great temperance reformer, because it is impossible for a man to ride his bicycle unless he is sober; and a great educational reformer, because it enables its rider to go from one end of England to the other in a fortnight, at little expense, and to spend his holidays in a rational manner.

—A curious illustration of contemporary fetichism appears in an advertisement in the Chattanooga (Tennessee) *Times*. James Lee, a cook (colored, probably), offers "for sale or rent, on reasonable terms, or exchanged for a mad-stone or natural leaf smoking tobacco," three rabbit feet, which he warrants to be "left hind-feet of genuine Georgia grave-yard stock," and to have been "killed at midnight, full of the moon." James announces himself ready to receive orders by mail or telegraph, and to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the rabbit feet are "left hind-feet," and that the time when the rabbits to which they belonged were killed was really "midnight, full of the moon." He adds that one of the rabbits was killed at midnight "by Mr. Comb's clock, standard time"; another at midnight "by a white man's watch"; and the third at midnight "by a Waterbury watch." "References as to being left hind-feet, W. I. Whitsitt or A. H. Gray. Clocks, watches, or grave-yards can be produced at any time."

—One of Miss Mary Anderson's foreign critics finds her Galatea to be an ideally beautiful and tolerably complete embodiment of the part. Upon the curtains of the alcove being withdrawn, where the statue, still inanimate, rests upon its pedestal, the admiration of the house was unbounded. Not only was the pose of the figure under the lime light artistic in the highest sense, but the tresses and the drapery were most skillfully arranged to look like the work of the chisel. "It is significant of the measure of Miss Anderson's art that in her animated moments subsequently she did not excel the plastic grace of this first picture."

—Freemasonry is very popular, although, according to a high authority, its secrets have not been very closely kept. "Indiscreet or treacherous brethren have revealed them to the world a dozen times over. The fullest information about them may be picked up at almost any city book-stall. But the public prefers to be in the dark, and to go on guessing and speculating. If it really believed that Freemasonry is no more than what the Prince of Wales describes it to be—an order and an institution of charity and of usefulness—it would care much less for it."

—The illustrations of the *Memoirs of Lord Lytton*, published by Harper & Brothers, are remarkable for the great beauty of the reproductions of family pictures and miniatures which are contained among them. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, after comparing some of the originals with the photo-sculptural copies, says: "We doubt if miniatures especially were ever more successfully rendered."

—The wife of the late John Richard Green has written an interesting preface to the last historical work of her husband: "It was impossible for him not to know that his powers were only coming to their full strength, and that his real work lay before him. 'I have work to do that I know is good,' he said, when he heard he had only a few days to live. In those last days, as in his latest thoughts, the great love he bore his country was still, as it had ever been, the true inspiration of his life."

—In the French Chamber of Deputies, a few days ago, M. Renault, while speaking on the Chinese question, quoted Abraham Lincoln's maxim, "Don't swap horses when crossing a stream." He was mistaken, however, in supposing that the words were an answer to a request for Mr. Lincoln's withdrawal from the Presidency.

—The London *Times* on Mr. Parnell: He has shown in public life no brilliant or amiable qualities; he is utterly wanting in oratorical gifts, and his wooden speeches are rarely illuminated by a thought gleaming through the mass of commonplace. But as a political tactician his perfect coolness, his contempt for public opinion, and his almost Napoleonic absence of scruples give him an advantage both over his English opponents, who refuse to play the game of politics in his fashion, and over his own associates, who, wanting his temper, his patience, and his craft, can never become his rivals, at least on the Parliamentary scene.

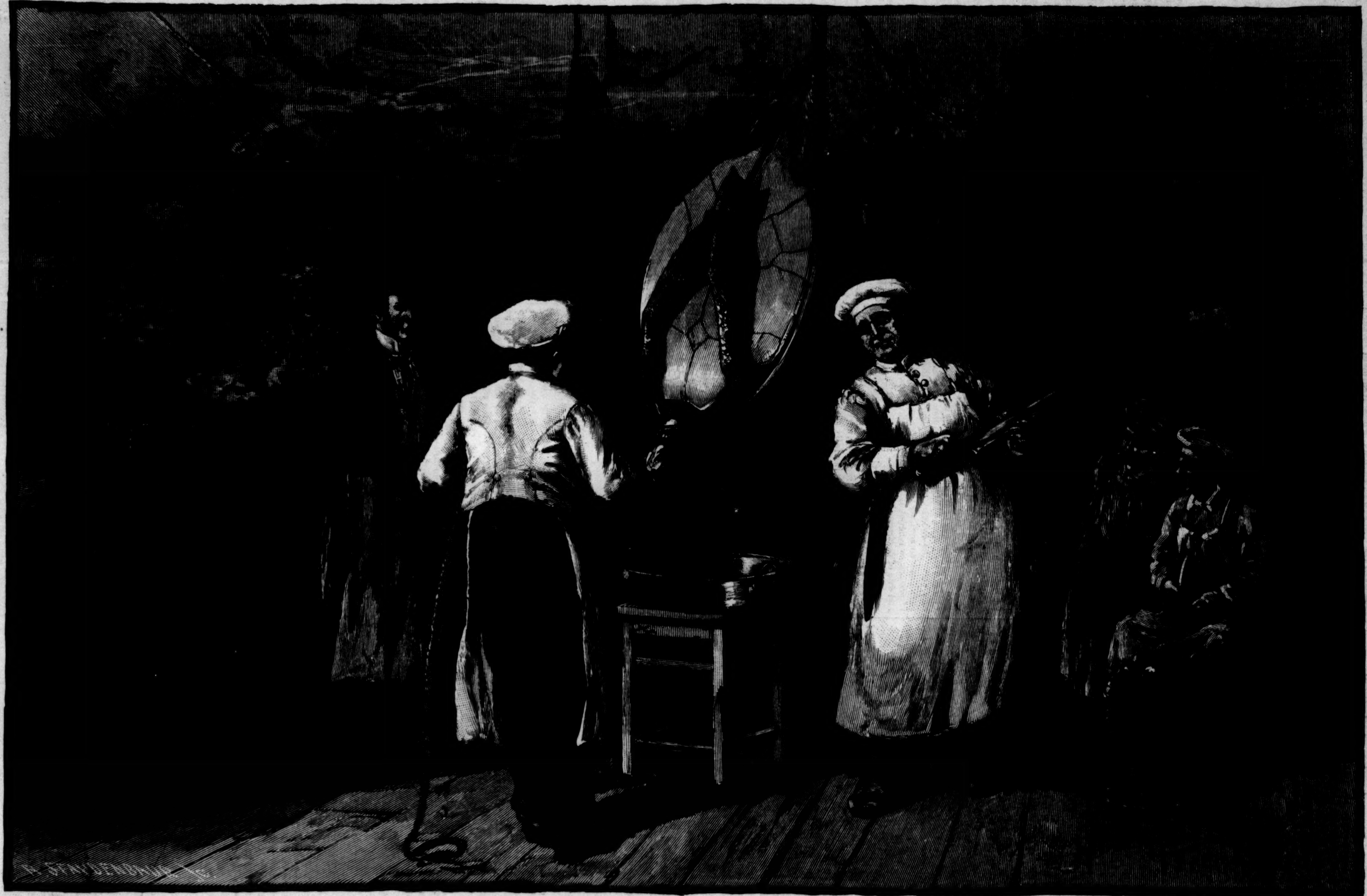
—The late Dutton Cook first met the lady who was to become his wife at the house of Mr. Charles Dickens. His daughter and only child he named Sylvia, after the heroine of his first novel.

—A theatrical audience at Rouen, France, took a strong dislike to an actor, and hissed him. He came forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a wife and three children, and if I had been fortunate enough to please you, should have earned a yearly salary of eighteen hundred francs, which would have sufficed for us all. I do not dispute your right to reject me, but although my singing has not satisfied you, perhaps my whistling may." Thereupon he whistled a popular air so cleverly that the whole house applauded, and his engagement was renewed, on condition that he should whistle his parts instead of singing them.

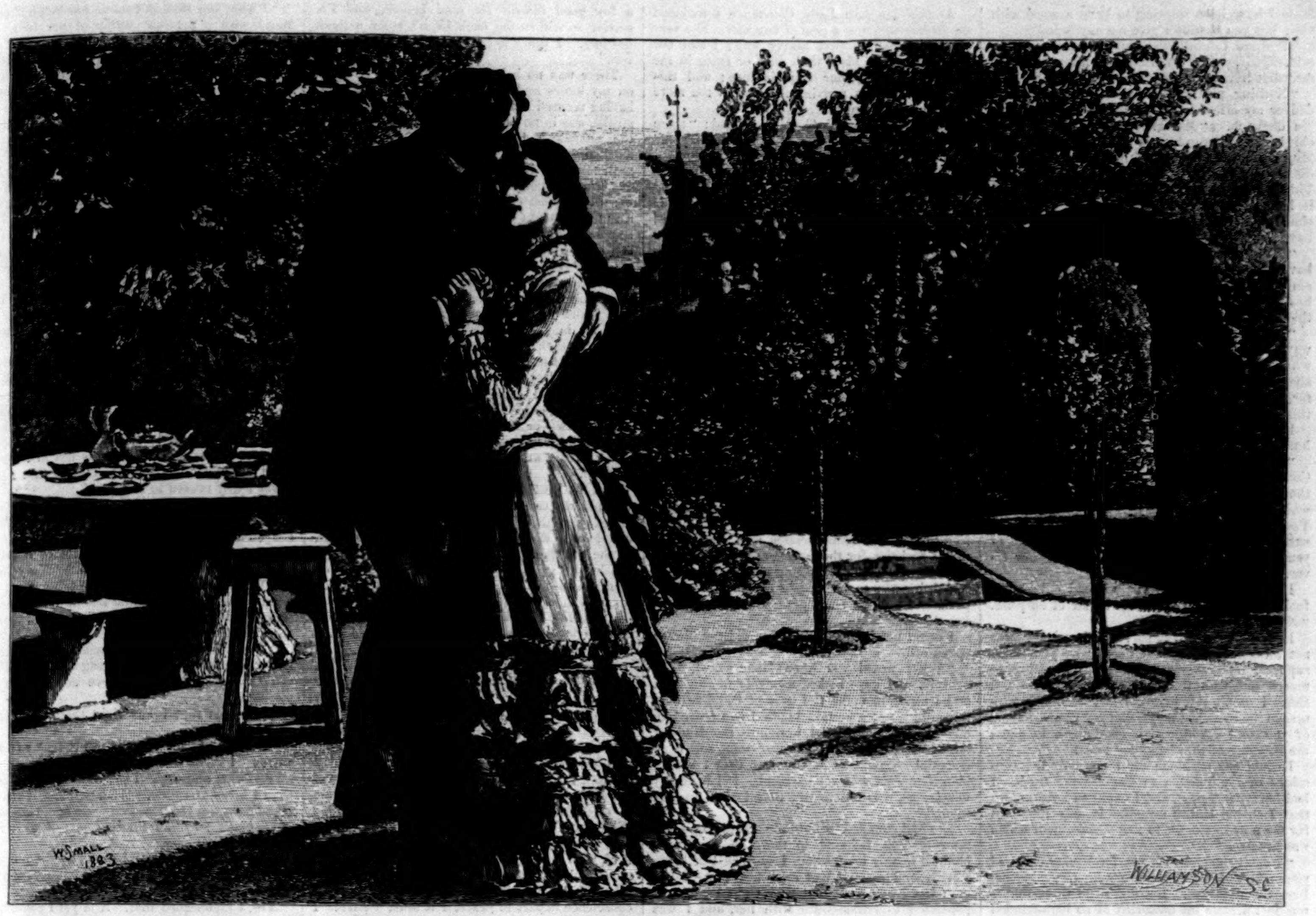
—Dr. Wood, Professor of Chemistry in Bishop's College, Montreal, reports forty-seven cases of acute articular rheumatism cured by fasting—time required, from four to eight days. He regards rheumatism as a phase of indigestion.

—Dr. T. S. Clouston asks his readers to think of the girls that toil at music who have no inherent musical capacity, of the time consumed in committing to memory rules of grammar the real meaning of which the girls' brains could not comprehend if they lived to be ninety, of the labor and sorrow given to acquire languages by girls whom Nature meant only to speak their mother-tongue, and of the futile attempts to take girls past the rule of three whom Nature intended to stop at simple division.

—Sir Frederick Leighton has been telling the students of the Royal Academy that the main influences which determine the bent and growth of art are these: First, and primarily, the temper and genius of a race; then the social and intellectual state of a community or nation at a given moment; thirdly, example, whether by unbroken transmission of inheritance, by the resuscitation of a tradition, or through a stimulating contact with other nations; and lastly, the influence, partly moral and partly material, of surrounding physical conditions. Greek art, he said, was the outcome of a subtle balance and interaction of various elements of race.


R. STAUDENBAUR SC.

"GREEN TURTLE SOUP TO-DAY."—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



"YIELDING TO AN UNCONTROLLABLE IMPULSE, I CAUGHT HER SUDDENLY IN MY ARMS, AND KISSED HER FOREHEAD."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LADY CONSTANCE SPEAKS PLAINLY.

In due course I received a note from Mrs. Fitzpatrick, inviting me to join a shooting party at Wakeworth Castle (which was the name of her husband's place in Yorkshire) on the 14th, and remain until the 16th—a form of invitation which was less common in those days than it has since become, and which impressed me rather disagreeably. It is doubtless a convenience, in some respects, to know when you are expected to go away; but there is a certain lack of the spirit of hospitality about such intimations, and in the present instance it struck me as needlessly emphasizing the fact that I had been asked for a special purpose. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with whom I had little more than a bowing acquaintance, would certainly not have asked me at all unless she had been requested to do so; and her meaning, put into plain language, seemed to be, "Come and say what you have to say, and then take yourself off as quickly as possible." I didn't like it; but I comforted myself by thinking that the ordeal would, at any rate, be a short one.

I reached my destination on the day appointed only just in time to dress, and, when I went down-stairs, I found myself one of a numerous assemblage. The house, which was a big one, was full, it seemed; and, in addition to those who were staying in it, guests from the neighborhood had been invited to dinner, and were now arriving in large numbers. Among these I presently recognized the familiar form of Mr. Sotheran, who strutted into the room, rubbing his hands complacently, and whose astonishment upon becoming aware of me partook, apparently, of the nature of dismay. Indeed, he allowed himself to be so far startled out of his ordinary composure as to ejaculate, "Hullo! hullo!" and stand stock-still, with his mouth open, unable to get out another syllable.

I held out my hand, saying, "How do you do?"—upon which he recovered himself, expressed a polite hope that I was quite well, and passed on. Little as Mr. Sotheran and his designs concerned me now, I derived some enjoyment from the disconcerted face of my whilom rival, and it occurred to me that he could not be quite so sure of himself as he had been some months before, since the mere sight of one whose pretensions he had formerly ridiculed could so greatly perturb him.

Lady Constance was the last to enter the room. She swept in with that ease of movement and air of heart-felt superiority to all about her which caused people to describe her—not untruly—as distinguished-looking. As she progressed down the room she made frequent pauses, and, while she was talking to somebody else, extended her left hand to me without looking at me. To tell the truth, I was just as well pleased that she did not look at me; for I was feeling guilty and uncomfortable, and I knew that those half-closed eyes of hers were as quick to discern facial symptoms as her brain was to interpret them. She passed on, having vouchsafed me nothing more than that back-handed recognition of my presence; and immediately afterward dinner was announced.

The lady whom I had the honor of escorting to the dining-room was a sub-acid person of uncertain age, devoid of personal charms, but gifted with conversational powers of a vivacious order. She opened fire upon me at once in the charming style peculiar to spinsters of her class.

"You have come here for the big shoot to-morrow, I suppose; are you a good shot? No? Oh, but you must shoot your very best to-morrow, or Mr. Fitzpatrick won't ask you again. Do you approve of ladies going out with the guns? Not as a rule? How rude of you! But as an exception, perhaps? I wonder if there are any exceptional ladies here! Lady Constance Milner, for instance—she is a great friend of yours, is she not? Not such a particular friend? Oh, I was told that she was a very particular friend indeed. You met her abroad, of course; most people do meet her abroad; though I am sure there can't be any truth in the gossip about her owing so much money that she daren't show her face in England."

"Well, considering that she is here at this moment—" I observed.

"Ah, exactly!—that only shows how horridly ill-natured people are; and I don't in the least believe that poor Lord Rossan paid half her debts at the beginning of the season. Now do tell me, is it a fact that she is going to marry Mr. Sotheran? You don't know? Oh, I am sure you do, only you won't trust me; and that is very disagreeable of you, because I never repeat things. I do hope there is no truth in the report; I think it would be such a pity! Not, of course, that Mr. Sotheran isn't an excellent match; and he is a decent sort of man too, in his way. Still, he is not exactly brilliant, you know, and Lady Constance is so very clever and amusing. *I* call her quite handsome myself; though I don't think I should wear green if I were she. But mind you don't tell her that I said that."

"I give you my word of honor that I won't say a single thing to her about you," answered I, with fervor; for I thought it was high time to suppress this incarnate libel upon her sex.

The sudden savagery of my onslaught was rewarded by success; for she turned her angular shoulder toward me and attacked her other neighbor, while I profited by this respite to take notice of the distribution of the company. I had half expected to be placed next to Lady Constance; but probably the exigencies of precedence had rendered such an arrangement impossible; and the same cause may have led to the banishment of Mr. Sotheran, who was sitting between two stout ladies, far away from the object of his affections, and was looking rather gloomy over it. The remainder of the faces that came within my ken were unknown to me, and were not in themselves calculated to excite interest. Is there any form of entertainment so utterly depressing as a large dinner party in a country house? An afternoon dance may run it close, perhaps, but then there is always the possibility of retreat from afternoon parties; whereas, when once you are seated at the festive board in the country, all hope of escape before half past ten at earliest must be abandoned. There are generally too many people; there is always too much to eat; there is very seldom anything to talk about.

However, I am bound to say that my dreadful spinster was not affected by the latter drawback to enjoyment. She fell upon me again presently with unabated energy, and after directing some of my most withering shafts of sarcasm at her in vain, I resigned myself to the inevitable, and allowed her to damn her friends with faint praise in peace until the glad moment arrived when she was swept away from my side by the ebbing tide of petticoats.

Hardly had the door closed behind the last of them when Mr. Sotheran rose deliberately, picked up his napkin and wine-glass, and, walking round the table, seated himself beside me. "You are not, I think, very intimately acquainted with our good host and hostess," he began.

"Not very," I confessed, wondering what was coming next.

"Ah! so I supposed. Now, may I ask whether you are here by Lady Constance Milner's desire?"

"You may ask, of course," I replied, a good deal amused; "but I don't think you ought to be surprised if I decline to answer."

"I am aware," Mr. Sotheran rejoined, "that the question is—er—an unusual one. As, however, we have already had a conversation of somewhat unusual freedom with regard to Lady Constance, I will venture to repeat it. I have reason, if not exactly a right as yet, to feel some curiosity upon this point. You will remember that I told you in London that you had no chance—no chance whatever, and that I myself had a confident expectation of—er—cutting you out, if I may so express myself. Events have proved that I was not too boastful upon that occasion. I may say that Lady Constance has now as good as consented to—to—"

Here Mr. Sotheran's pompous flow of words ran dry, and I helped him out with—"To accept your hand and heart?"

"Well, yes; I believe I may say so. Oddly enough, she refused to give me a final answer before the 16th—that is, the day after to-morrow; and I am naturally anxious to know whether your unlooked-for arrival has any connection with her choice of that date."

"Really, Mr. Sotheran," said I, "I don't see why I should relieve your natural anxiety. The worst of refusing to answer such questions is that a refusal is generally taken for an admission; which shows that they ought never to be put. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said when he was asked whether he was the author of the Waverley Novels—'I am not; but if I were, I should say the same thing, because you have no business to ask.' I don't think I can do better than imitate Sir Walter."

For an instant a look came over Mr. Sotheran's wooden countenance which made me feel that I should not care to have him for my master; but he kept his temper well in hand. With the remark that it would be easy for him to address inquiries elsewhere, he moved to a vacant chair higher up the table, leaving me in some doubt as to whether I had scored or not. If I had been the means of causing him a little uneasiness, it must be owned that his information had done as much for me. It was now clear that Lady Constance had chosen to put me in the painful position of arbiter of her destinies; and as I thought of it all, and of the great difficulty which I knew that I should find in hiding my defection from her, I heartily wished that I had refused Mrs. Fitzpatrick's invitation. After all, a letter would have equally well answered the purpose of letting Lady Constance know that my prospects had melted into nothing. But it was no use thinking of that now, and I went into the drawing-room presently, only hoping that I might find some early opportunity of discharging myself of the task laid upon me.

No such opportunity, however, was afforded to me. Lady Constance was, as usual, the centre of an animated group, from which she did not care to detach herself, in spite of all my imploring glances. No one, to look at her, would have supposed that she had the smallest anxiety upon her mind; and yet it was impossible to imagine that she could be anything but anxious. When the strangers, including Mr. Sotheran, had gone away, she withdrew, and I was fain to adjourn to the billiard-room with the other men and play pool till bed-time.

The next morning I had, of course, to go out shooting; and if, as I had been assured, my chance of being asked to Wakeworth again depended upon the number of birds that I brought down, that chance was then and there finally extinguished. At any other time I should have been mortified at having made such an exhibition of myself; but now I was only too thankful to be provided with a plausible pretext for returning to the Castle early in the afternoon. Lady Constance had not appeared with the other ladies and the luncheon, which gave me some hope that I might find her alone on my return.

In this hope I was not disappointed. After searching several vast and empty rooms, I came upon her at last, writing letters in what, from its appearance, I judged to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick's boudoir, and as soon as she saw me she laid down her pen.

"I did not expect you so early," she remarked.

"I couldn't wait any longer," I answered. "Ever since I came I have been wanting to have a word with you; but you wouldn't give me any help."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

"Perhaps I didn't share all that anxiety," she said, calmly. "Well, now that you have unearthed me, what have you to say?"

"Nothing pleasant," replied I, determined to deliver myself of my evil tidings with all possible dispatch. "My uncle has now finally decided that his grandson is to have the property. My cousin turned out a failure, and had to be dismissed; but he agreed to leave the boy at Thirlby, to be brought up by my uncle. And so it has been settled in that way. I, of course, shall get nothing, or very little, beyond what I have now."

"You seem," observed Lady Constance, "to have played your cards very unskillfully; but I am glad to hear that my clever friend Chapman has burned his fingers. What did he do to merit this second disgrace?"

"Oh, he made himself obnoxious in many ways," I answered; "and then, one evening, his wife treated us to a scene, in the course of which she divulged all his plots. It doesn't much matter, does it? Is that what interests you most in this news?"

For I was inconsistent enough to feel a little hurt by her indifference.

"I apologize for my thoughtlessness," Lady Constance said. "You mean, no doubt, that that is not what interests *you* most, and that you would like to be assured of your formal release. You have it, of course; but I may say that you would have had it even if that erratic uncle of yours had disposed of his property in your favor."

I knew at once that I was found out; but I foolishly attempted to put on an air of surprise. "My release?" I repeated.

Lady Constance laughed; and her laugh was not altogether a pleasant one. "Do you really suppose," she asked, "that you are going to march out with the honors of war? Do you think I didn't see, before I had been five minutes in the room last night, that you were ashamed of yourself? And was it so difficult to guess the meaning of that hang-dog look?"

I could say nothing; for I was only too conscious of my inability to disguise the truth. I had betrayed myself, and I ought to have known that I should betray myself. It only remained for me now to submit to the chastisement which was my due.

"I don't quarrel with you for having changed your mind," Lady Constance went on; "indeed, I congratulate you. But don't you think that it was just a little bit unworthy of so high-minded a person as yourself to try and get your freedom without asking for it? Do you consider that your plan of leading me to suppose you still a devoted, though, unfortunately, impoverished, admirer of mine, was quite in accordance with the worship of truth which we both profess?"

"How do you know that I had any such plan?" I was stung into retorting.

"Ah! how, indeed? Perhaps that was not your plan. Perhaps you came here to inform me of your engagement to Miss Dennison."

"I came here because you told me to come," said I; "and the first thing I heard of was your engagement to Mr. Sotheran."

"I am not engaged to Mr. Sotheran."

"Nor am I engaged to Miss Dennison."

"Only going to be. Yes, yes; you are quite right; I am going to be engaged to Mr. Sotheran. But that does not exactly make us quits. I told you that I should be obliged to marry Mr. Sotheran under certain circumstances; but what you told me was that, under no circumstances whatever, would you marry any one but myself. I am sorry to say things which sound in such wretched taste; but I think you need a gentle reminder of the facts."

Up to this point we had both been standing; but now Lady Constance moved away toward a piano which stood in a corner of the room, and, sitting down before it, began to strike a few random chords. Presently—whether by hazard or intention I can't say—she broke into the same nocturne of Chopin's which she had played one morning at Franzenshöhe when the snow was falling. As the well-remembered cadences fell upon my ear, the whole scene came back to me. I could see again the bright little room with its masses of flowers, and the logs blazing on the hearth, and the white flakes whirling down outside; I could recall all that she had said, and how I had been nearer to being truly in love with her that morning than I had ever been before or since. Yet there was something which I could not recall; and I was half glad, half ashamed, to find it irrecoverable. Perhaps it was because I felt this, and was in no fear of losing my head a second time, that I drew near the piano and said:

"Lady Constance, I want to tell you the whole truth. Will you listen to me?"

"By all means," she answered, taking her fingers off the keys. "Please begin."

And then I embarked upon my confession. I did it extremely badly and incoherently; but then, to be sure, no one could have done such a thing well. I told her how I had loved Maud Dennison from my boyhood; I explained as well as I could the infatuation which had seized upon me at Taormina; I endeavored—not very successfully, judging by the ironical smile into which Lady Constance's lips slowly curved themselves—to convince her that my friendship, my admiration, and my gratitude remained unchanged. "And I never meant to tell you all this," I declared in conclusion. "I came here fully intending to say to you what I had said before, that if you would marry me upon my small income I would do my very best to make you happy, and that I believed you would be happier with me than with that blockhead of a Sotheran. I would have done it, too; I would never have said a word—"

At this juncture Lady Constance astonished me by bursting into a peal of laughter. She very rarely laughed in that hearty way; I had not heard her do so more than once or twice in the whole course of our acquaintance; and this made her present merriment seem all the more strange and ill-timed.

"*Vous êtes impayable!*" she exclaimed: "there really is no English adjective that will do for you." And then she began to laugh again.

"I had no idea that I was so funny," I observed, huffily.

"Of course you had not. What a pity it is that you will never be able to see the joke! Well, go on. You were saying that you would have married me, and never allowed me to suspect your secret agonies."

I said, "I don't think I need go on. You might find the joke grow tedious on repetition."

"You ought not to grudge me a little laugh," returned Lady Constance. "Why don't you laugh too, now that you have got off scot-free, after running such a frightful risk? But, if you will believe me, I should not have consented to share your name and your small income. No; that happy lot was not for me: another has borne away the prize. My fate is to marry Mr. Sotheran, who, after all, is not such a blockhead as you may suppose. He and I came to terms in a thoroughly business-like manner. If I accept him—which I have not yet done—I am to have plenty of money and a reasonable amount of liberty; but, on the other hand, I have promised to hold no communication with members of secret societies for the future, and to discourage the advances of foolish young men. As both he and I happen to be people of our word, it is probable that we shall get on very fairly well together."

I could not help saying, "You did not always speak of him in that tone."

"What would you have?" she asked, more gravely. "I have looked necessity in the face, and I mean to make the best of it. The man has abilities of a certain kind—I can push him on—possibly I may get him into the Ministry one of these days. Ambition of some sort is an essential to me, and it is better that I should identify myself with my husband. If I have any misgivings, it is not to you that I shall confide them."

She had confided them to me already, well as I remembered. I hated to think of her being chained to this man, whom I suspected of being a bully, and whom I had once heard her call a cur; but I had lost what little right I had ever possessed to remonstrate with her, and I was aware that no remonstrances of mine would cause her to falter in her purpose. She resumed her playing, while I, moving toward the window, looked out upon the stiff parterres and terraces which surrounded the Castle, and wished I could feel a little less out of conceit with myself. Some ladies were pacing along the gravel-paths; a few of the men had already come back from shooting, and had joined them. At any moment our *tête-à-tête* might be interrupted, and, knowing that it would be our last, I felt a great longing that we might part friends.

But Mrs. Fitzpatrick's entrance at this moment put an end to the last private conversation that I ever held with Lady Constance Milner.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I GO TO TEA AT THE RECTORY.

I WAS up and away before breakfast the next morning. It was not only that I dreaded the scrutiny of Lady Constance's cool, contemptuous eyes—though I admit that that alone would have sufficed to drive me out of the house—but I had a far stronger incentive to flight in the eagerness that I felt to lay my recovered liberty at Maud's feet. I raged and fumed at every delay; and if the exasperating intricacies of a system of cross-lines had only admitted of it, I should have rushed off to the Rectory to tell my glad tidings that same evening.

Instead of that, I had to drive up to the Hall, where I found everybody in a stir, and the General jubilant, orders having at last reached him to proceed to the Crimea forthwith. In the general excitement caused by this sudden departure I and my concerns escaped discussion.

Nor was I able to hurry down to the Rectory the first thing on the following day; for the General was leaving for London by the express, and I was bound, in common decency, to accompany him to the station and see the last of him; but early in the afternoon I set forth at last, and though my heart began to fail me a little as I drew nearer to my destination, I was resolute against any postponement of the fateful hour.

What was rather provoking was to come upon the Rector, working in the garden in his shirt-sleeves, and I fear that I did not respond as cordially as I might have done to his hearty welcome.

"I'm obliged to look after things myself, you see, Charley," he explained—"must look after things myself, or we should get all behind. The gardener don't like it; but he's off at Yarmouth to-day, fortunately, and I'm just taking the opportunity to do some of his work for him. My phloxes look pretty well, don't they? So the General is off to the wars, eh? I'm sorry for it on Le Marchant's account. If it had been Mrs. Farquhar, now—but that's absurd, of course. Though I do hear something about ladies going out as nurses," added the Rector, with a faint glimmer of hope.

I said I was afraid Mrs. Farquhar was a little too advanced in life for that sort of thing.

"Ah, well; I suppose so. I'll tell you what you might do for me, Charley; you might just catch hold of these bits of worsted, and tie them round some of the zinnias. I want to pick out a few good blooms for seed-bearers, and I'm getting so stiff in the back I can't stoop without howling. I won't keep you above a minute or two."

There was no help for it. I had to go down on my knees and set to work; and the Rector, having secured a listener and an assistant at one stroke, was in no hurry to part with him. After the zinnias had been carefully selected and marked, there were annuals to be sown, chrysanthemums to be tied up and thinned, and various other horticultural operations to be attended to; all of which tasks I performed with as good a grace as might be, while my companion interspersed his directions with a disjointed account of the workings of parish affairs, and many original comments upon the recent dealings of Providence with the Le Marchant family. Some comfort I derived from the incidental information that Maud was out, but would be back in less than an hour. That being so, it was perhaps just as well that I was not called upon to forge any excuse for awaiting her return.

When at last she came she did not say much. "So you have come back, Charley," was her only greeting to me; but she smiled as she spoke, and I knew—or thought I knew—that she had divined the result of my mission, and rejoiced at it. "If only we could get rid of the Rector," I thought.

But the Rector, good man, had no idea that he was not wanted. He said we had earned a cup of tea now (though I really don't know what he had done to deserve any refreshment), and that, as the afternoon was so mild, we would have it out in the garden. In vain I cast glances at Maud, who looked a great deal more amused than inclined to give me any help; and I was fast sinking into a state of apathetic despair when relief appeared in the form of a breathless messenger, who came to say that old Mrs. Sparrow was took very bad, and please would Mr. Dennison step over and see her, as the doctor he didn't hold out no hopes of her keeping her "conscience" through the night.

"Dear! dear!" muttered the Rector, as he gulped down his hot tea; "this makes four times that Mrs. Sparrow has sent for me in a week. I suppose I must go, though. You see the sort of life that we poor parsons lead, Charley—no time to swallow our food—no time for anything! Well, there's no use in grumbling. Run on, my boy, and tell them I'm coming as fast as I can." And, with that, he bustled away.

"May blessings rest upon the soul of old Mrs. Sparrow!" I ejaculated, devoutly, "and may her conscience depart in peace, if it must depart! I thought this moment would never come."

"What have you to tell me?" asked Maud, with some eagerness. "Did you see Lady Constance?"

"I did," answered I; "and she rejected me with scorn, as I told you she would."

Maud looked surprised, and a little incredulous. "Really?" said she. "I did not expect her to do that. Do you mean that you are rejected absolutely and finally?"

"Absolutely and finally," I repeated, with satisfaction.

"But surely not on account of your poverty—if one can call it poverty?"

"Lady Constance calls it by that name," I answered. "She is going to marry one of the richest men in the north of England now, and she doesn't seem to mind the prospect much; though I know she used to abhor him."

"Then," cried Maud, quickly, "she is doing this because you have thrown her over."

"But I didn't throw her over," I protested. "Of course I knew all along that she would never consent to marry me upon such a pittance as I had to offer; but she told me she wouldn't have married me in any case."

"What made her say that?"

"I don't know. At least, I do know partly why she said it. As soon as I arrived she found out—she saw—oh, Maud, can't you guess what it was that she saw?"

"Of course I can guess," answered Maud, a little coldly. "She saw what any other woman would have seen in her place—that you didn't care for her any more. But I think you ought to have tried to conceal it."

"So I did," said I, feeling rather ashamed of myself; "I quite thought that I had concealed it; but she is one of those people who know more about you at a glance than you know yourself. She saw something else too," I added, after a short pause.

"What else?" asked Maud; and this time there was a distinct sound of anger in her voice, while her brows drew together ominously.

"Don't look at me like that!" I exclaimed. "I was a little afraid that you might be displeased at my speaking so soon. But then I thought you would understand—that you would be above caring whether I told you that I loved you now, or next week, or next month. Besides, you know it already. You believe that I have always loved you; don't you, Maud?"

I leaned across the tea table which separated me from Maud, and looked into her face anxiously. She was still frowning; her great gray eyes were opened wide; it seemed to me that she was trying hard to look indignant, but could not. All of a sudden the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively; she caught her breath; finally, to my great chagrin, she turned away, and went off into a fit of irrepressible laughter.

"What *are* you laughing at?" I exclaimed, with some pardonable irritation; for really it was more than flesh and blood could stand to be treated in this extraordinary way upon two consecutive occasions. It had not been pleasant to be turned into ridicule by Lady Constance, but it was a thousand times worse to meet with such a reception from Maud. "This may be a joke—it may be an excellent joke, but, for the life of me, I can't see it," I declared.

"I wish you wouldn't make me laugh!" cried Maud, with a petulant stamp of her foot. "I don't want to laugh. I think it is horrid of you to behave in this way, and if you thought I should be displeased, you were quite right. I wish I could make you understand how—how disgusted I am! But it *was* rather funny of you to say that, wasn't it?" she added, with a renewed tremble in her voice.

"To say what?" I inquired.

"Why, that you had always loved me. And you looked so serious about it too," she went on: "that was what upset me—as serious as if it had been true."

"Perhaps," returned I, with dignity, "that may be in some measure accounted for by the fact that it is true."

"Oh, Charley! have you forgotten that you wanted me to marry George Warren not so long ago? Have you forgotten all that you told me about Lady Constance in London? My memory is not so short."

"I can't help it," I answered. "I don't deny, and don't wish to deny, that I have fancied myself in love with Lady Constance; but that was nothing more nor less than a fit of temporary insanity. I can't give any explanation of what I said or did while it lasted—who can be accountable for his actions when he is not in his right mind?—but I do ask you to believe that I have never really ceased to love you."

"You ask a little too much," said Maud, dryly. She had become grave again now, and had pushed her chair back, so that she was farther away from me. "You must not expect to be taken seriously, Charley," she went on. "Very likely you think you are speaking the truth now; but I don't see why you should not think that something quite different is the truth in a few months from now."

"You won't believe?" I exclaimed, despairingly. "You wouldn't believe long ago, when I told you that I should never love any woman but you—"

"It seems that I was right there," she interrupted.

"No, you were not right," cried I; "you were wrong. I loved you then as I love you now, with all my heart and soul. I can't love you now more than I loved you then. And, perhaps, if you had given me a word of hope two years ago, I shouldn't have made such an idiot of myself as I have done."

"Can't you understand that I might not have been able to give you a word of hope even if I had believed you?"

Yes, I understood that. And yet I could hardly believe that, after this long and perilous voyage, I was to founder in port. I said nothing for a long time, half hoping that she would speak again; but she remained silent, her hands clasped loosely in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the horizon. There was no sign of agitation in her face or in her attitude, and her perfect quiescence smote me with a conviction more cruel than any words could have conveyed.

"Is this to be the end?" I gasped out at length. "Is there never to be any hope for me?"

"I am sorry," answered Maud, briefly. And then she turned, and I suppose something in my face must have touched her; for she added, in a kinder tone, "I am really sorry, Charley; but I can't say what you wish. You know how fond I am of you; I would do anything for you that I could—except that one thing. I don't want ever to speak about this again; so I had better say now that your coming so soon has made no difference. I think you would have shown better taste if you had waited a little longer; but my answer would have been just the same if you had."

"But you say you are fond of me," I pleaded, catching at any straw in my distress. "How can you tell that you might not come to love me some day? It seems to me as if you must—when I love you so. Won't you give me leave to try?"

"No," answered Maud, firmly; "I could not love you as one ought to love one's husband. You know—" But here she checked herself, saying, "I don't wish to hurt you."

"You need not be afraid of doing that," I answered, with a grim laugh. "It would puzzle anybody to hurt me much now."

"Well, I was going to say," Maud resumed, after hesitating a little longer, "that there is an old threadbare maxim about love being impossible without respect."

"It is not confirmed by what one sees every day," I remarked.

"Still, there must be some truth in a saying which has been repeated so many thousands of times. At all events, I think most women feel in that way."

"I doubt it," said I; "but never mind. You have no respect for me, of course."

Maud shook her head. "Not enough, I am afraid. You are too changeable. I shouldn't be happy with you; nor would you be happy with me, after the first. We must say good-by now. I am going to Surrey to stay with the Savilles in a day or two; and I hope, when we meet again, all this will be forgotten."

"Forgotten!" I echoed; "I shall never forget, and never change. But what is the good of protesting? you won't believe me."

We stood facing one another for a few moments in silence; then, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, I caught her suddenly in my arms, kissed her forehead, and hurried away, without another word.

I turned and looked back as I passed through the gate. She was standing as I had left her, with a grave, sad face. She did not seem to have resented my momentary brutality; but, somehow, that only confirmed my conviction that she was lost to me forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHRISTMAS SHIPS.

Through wind and light of morning-time,
And through the star-lit night,
The Christmas ships from many a clime
Speed home in happy flight,
With flying flags and sails so white,
So white, white, white.

O tossing sea, now be at rest,
And, skies, bend blue above;
The Christmas ships upon thy breast
Carry such wealth of love,
Such precious wealth of love, sweet love,
Love, love, love, love.

The wife keeps watch with tender eyes;
Her loving fears are dumb.
The mother prays, and softly sighs:
"He said, 'I'll surely come;
At Christmas-time I'll come.' Oh yes!
He'll come, come, come."

The children on the yellow sands,
With bare feet in the foam,
Chatter about the far-off lands,
And father coming home—
At Christmas coming home again,
Home, home, home, home.

The maiden braids her hair, and sings:
"Oh! shall not I be glad
When Christmas-time my lover brings,
My handsome sailor lad?
Oh, shall not I be glad! so glad,
Glad, glad, glad, glad."

Thus as they sail from every sea,
Good angels keep the ships;
True hearts for them watch tenderly,
And rosy, kissing lips
Whisper their happy names: Oh, ships!
Oh, ships, ships, ships!

God grant when Christmas bells shall ring,
No Christmas ship fall short,
But each, like some glad living thing,
Come sailing into port—
With flying flags to Christmas bells
Touch port, port, port!

CARIBOU HUNTING.

Many eminent naturalists consider that the reindeer of Northern Europe and the caribou of Canada are identical. The latter, however, is the larger animal, "the male weighing three hundred pounds when full grown, six feet in length, and standing about ten hands high; whereas the wild reindeer seldom approaches within an inch or two of these dimensions." While the latter is capable of domestication, the former has never been brought alive under the control of man. The antlers of the caribou are remarkable for their immense size and graceful form. The male sheds his at the commencement of winter, while the female retains hers until the spring.

Caribou are now only found in any number north of the St. Lawrence, the pressure of population gradually driving them toward the territory of Hudson Bay. To hunt them is now a labor rather than a pleasure, for it must be undertaken in localities far north. Early in the season the hunter has no peace from the attacks of the black-flies, while later he must face the terrible cold of those high latitudes. None but a man of great vigor of constitution and strength can successfully undertake a winter expedition against these animals. Few amateurs devote more than two or three seasons to the sport. They are happy to relinquish the field, and content themselves with the recollections of the cruel sufferings they have undergone.

Formerly sportsmen procured their outfit and guides at Quebec, it being contiguous to the home of the caribou; but as these animals have been driven more toward the northeast, Gaspé, a town on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, where that river enters the bay of the same name, is a more convenient locality from which to make a start.

The sportsman will not make a long stay at Gaspé. It is a depressing little town, which only awakens to occasions of spasmodic liveliness when the fishing season has been a prosperous one, and the frost holds off long enough to permit the potatoes to ripen. As these two events seldom coincide, their occasional concurrence brings great joy to the hardy villagers. Cut off from assistance by the reason of the ice during seven months of the year, the Gaspésians have during the winter to face the possibility of famine. Ever ready to grapple with the wolf of hunger and want, they are a brave and fearless race, rugged and inured to hardship and exposure. Compared to Gaspé in the winter season, a Long Island village is a vision of bewildering and intoxicating delight.

Persons from the coast-line of the United States will find Gaspé the most convenient spot from which to take their departure for the caribou country. It can be reached by steamers during the summer *en route* from St. John, New Brunswick, to Halifax, and thence to Gaspé. It is in communication with Quebec during the open season by steamer on the St. Lawrence. At Gaspé a complete outfit may be procured, and guides engaged.

If a start be made early in the autumn, the sportsman goes by steamer to one of the little towns on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence a short distance from Gaspé. He embarks in canoes at the mouth of one of the many small rivers which enter the St. Lawrence at short intervals. These streams all take their rise in beautiful lakes. On the edge of one of these the hunter and his guides establish a permanent camp, from which they make longer or shorter excursions, according to their energy and courage. It must not be supposed that one has only to step to the door of his log cabin to find the caribou feeding quietly within sight. He will at first be depressed by the total absence of life. The song-birds will already have taken their departure. He welcomes the honk of an occasional flock of geese as a happy break in the monotonous and gloomy silence. His guides are men accustomed to long periods of isolation in the dense forests of the interior; hence they have learned to become taciturn and chary of speech. Left entirely to the companionship of his own thoughts, he longs for the moment when he may be done caribouing, and once more turn his face toward civilization.

It not infrequently happens that one may diligently hunt for weeks without crossing the track of one of these animals. Discouraged with his want of success, the sportsman is about to abandon the enterprise in disgust, when a heavy fall of snow happily intervenes. He must now be patient until a crust is formed upon its surface. Then, if he be not an adept in the use of snow-shoes, he must master these implements by preparatory exercise, otherwise the strain upon the muscles caused by a lengthy tramp will bring on what the Canadians call *mal à raquette*, which is not unlike in sensation the pain experienced in a fever called in the Southern States the "broken bone."

It is best that but one guide accompany the sportsman. Loaded with provisions and ammunition, and still in the novitiate in the use of snow-shoes, he labors heavily over the crusted surface, now and again stumbling over fallen trunks and the débris of the forest. At night he bivouacs in the snow, which is piled up by the aid of the snow-shoes to windward. Before morning the blazing fire is extinguished, and, in spite of blankets, he is almost congealed by the intense cold. After days of arduous travel he encounters numerous tracks of the caribou. All his sufferings are now forgotten. A hasty shelter is erected. Relieved from the weight of his pack, and accustomed to the use of the snow-shoes, he follows the guide eagerly in the pursuit. The latter, in the advance, suddenly halts and points through the trees. The sportsman for the first time is in sight of the much-longed-for caribou. They make a long detour to the leaward of the herd. By cautious approaches, every nerve strained with the tension, they at last reach the cover offered by the trunk of a tree. At a word from the guides they fire together. Two bulls simultaneously leap into the air, and fling the snow in clouds about them in their dying struggles. The enthusiast, as he stands by the carcasses of the dead beasts, fancies he is repaid for all his hardships and monotonous waiting.

Those who have not the physical strength and endurance to face the bitter blast of the Nova Scotian winters may kill a caribou earlier in the season on the edge of one of the many lakes, the head-waters of the little rivers which empty from the north into the St. Lawrence.

These sheets of water in the early autumn are mirrors of beauty, the picturesque scenery which surrounds him more than compensating the lover of nature for the lack of large game. The caribou delight to frequent these sheets of water to feed upon the aquatic plants which grow at their edge. This they do in the early morning, between daylight and sunrise. Again in the warmest hours of the day they seek refuge in the water to escape the tormenting attacks of the black-fly. The guides, as a part of their business, take pains to inform themselves of the precise locality where the caribou enters the water to feed or refresh himself. The hunter, concealed in a canoe near the spot, awaits the approach of the animal, and shoots him from his ambush. This, however, is hardly a legitimate form of sport. That which brings out all a man may have in him of pluck and endurance is the hunting of caribou in snow-shoes in the cold of a Canadian winter. He who undertakes it is generally some Briton impelled by the Anglo-Saxon spirit of restlessness and thirst of adventure. Probably the man who has had more experience as a hunter of caribou than any other amateur living is the Earl of Dunraven. Those who may take an interest in this form of sport, and who prefer to read about it rather than indulge in the reality, can find no more detailed and brilliant account of caribou shooting than he has given. The limits of a newspaper article have permitted but the most general reference to the subject.

Gaston Fay.

DUTCH HOUSES.

The foundation of a building in Holland is commenced by digging out the earth to a depth of two or three feet. The excavation thus made almost immediately fills with water, which is a proof of the aqueous nature of the Dutch soil, and would present dreadful visions of rheumatism and ague to the minds of most Americans. Hollanders have no such fears, and frequently take up their residence in a new house as soon as the roof is on and the glass in the window-frames, without a thought as to the dampness of floors and walls. It has been facetiously asserted that Dutch children are born web-footed; but, joking apart, Netherlanders may be said to be almost amphibious in their nature.

The next operation is to drive piles—the straightest that can be procured—thirty or forty feet into the ground, side by side, a few inches apart, in the lines marked out for the walls. These are forced perpendicularly into the earth by a powerful steam-hammer, or by repeated blows from a heavy weight, alternately raised and lowered by means of a pulley and ropes, worked by a gang of twenty or thirty laborers. When the requisite number of piles are driven in, the ends remaining above the ground are cut off level with each other, and horizontal beams of oak are laid over them.

The building itself is then commenced by placing the bricks on the foundation thus prepared. The back and front of the house are never built until the roof is on, in order that a free current of air passing through may cause the inner and side walls to set more firmly, and dry quicker. When the building is completed, coarse canvas, stretched on wooden frames, is fitted against the walls, and upon this the paper is pasted; so that no matter how damp the brick-work behind may be, the result is an appearance of dryness, which is often very delusive. Small tiles, instead of slates, are used for the roofs, and the internal and external decorations are completed with much taste. In at least one important respect, in the arrangement of their houses the Dutch differ greatly from the English.

In Holland the kitchens are generally in front; and as the windows face the street, it affords unlimited opportunities for the cook and house-maid to carry on flirtations with their male admirers—a facility of which they are by no means slow to avail themselves.

Many of the old Dutch houses are far more elaborately ornamented inside than those of modern construction. In some of them you may see spacious entrance halls of white marble, broad staircases of dark polished oak, doors of shining mahogany, ceilings and walls beautifully painted with figures, fruit, and flowers, and mirrors with exquisitely carved frames permanently fixed over the fire-places. Even the charitable institutions and poor-houses in Holland are very different to the plain unadorned buildings often used in England as refuges for the unfortunate and destitute, many of them being structures of considerable architectural beauty, while in their management the Dutch are very successful.

"GREEN TURTLE SOUP TO-DAY."

The turtles which come into the New York market are captured mainly on the coast of Florida, Key West furnishing the most plentiful supply. A few come from the shores of the West Indies, and occasionally a diminutive estray is found on the Long Island coast, having been borne there by the warm current of the Gulf Stream. But no large specimens are captured so far north. About ninety per cent. come from the shores of Florida.

Turtles are most plentiful in the New York markets in the months of July, August, and September, although they may be had here at all seasons of the year. The price in summer varies from eight to fifteen cents a pound, and it rises in winter to twenty-five. The largest turtle ever brought to this market weighed 563 pounds, but the average weight is about eighty pounds each. The smaller specimens go chiefly to Philadelphia, where there is an extensive "family" trade in these delicacies. In New York, on the contrary, families as a rule order green turtle soup from the caterers. About 170,000 turtles are brought yearly to the New York market.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The bicycle sled has been perfected in Canada. The rider sits on a wheel which is cogged to catch the ice, and there is a frame shod with four blades of steel like ordinary skate runners, upon which the machine glides along. Still, it is said not to be so popular as skates. There is nobody's hand to hold.

A Boston paper says that a pint of whiskey a day is the allowance of the thousand inmates of the Indiana Insane Asylum. Then, fearful that the statement will be construed as an expression of Eastern malice, it explains that it means one pint for all.

The New York cabman is not the only one of his kind who is held to be fearless of danger to others. The Paris cabman also is so understood. A Paris newspaper prints a daily list of those whom he runs over, under the head of "Special Gazette of the Wounded." So-and-so "was charged by a cab" is the form commonly used in the narration, so that one comes to get the idea of a sweep of cavalry. Rear-Admiral Lagé was one of the recent sufferers. He was "charged" in the Place de l'Opéra, and sustained two broken ribs and a scalp wound.

Edward Johnson, of Philadelphia, a colored man, thirty-seven years old, has sued a citizen of Illinois and a citizen of Missouri for damages for unlawfully holding him as a slave. He was born a slave in Virginia, but became free when his father ran away with him to Philadelphia. His father apprenticed him to the Illinois citizen, and he says this citizen treated him as a slave for three years, and then sold him to the citizen of Missouri. He remained a slave until freed by the Emancipation Proclamation. He is now a family servant.

The story comes from Paris that a lady who visited four churches in one day missed her umbrella on returning home. She immediately revisited all four churches, and found her umbrella in the last one. When the umbrella was handed to her she thankfully said to the sexton, "The people at this church are much more honest than those at the others."

The surprising sunsets of November, which reached around the world, created superstitious fear in India, and numbers of holy men went about preaching impending disaster. Those who should know most about it say that the fiery coloring was due to volcanic dust from the Java earthquake. A correspondent says in the London *Times*: "The vesicular nature of pumice, each particle consisting of a small bubble of glass, would allow it, after being shot up by the eruption to an enormous height, to be carried without precipitation to all quarters of the globe, and at the altitude attained it would be far removed from the action of vapor and weather. Nothing like this diffused atmospheric glow after dark and one or two hours before sunrise has been observed before, and a singular effect must have its origin in a singular cause."

It is related that an English colonel of a Chinese regiment stationed at Foochow had drilled them in the European way, and was very proud of their discipline. Once he had the "assembly" sounded at midnight, and the men turned out and formed in perfect order. But when he tried this a second time, the soldiers, instead of hurrying to the parade-ground, appeared at the barrack windows, and greeted their astonished commander with smiles and cries of "No catchee!"

The Venus of Milo has been packed away in straw, to remain for a year. The gallery of the Louvre, in which it stood, was found to be damp, and repairs have been ordered in the cellars, which it will take twelve months to effect. A plaster cast of the statue is meanwhile exhibited in its place.

A subscription has been opened in Boston to help defray the expenses of the excavation of Zoan, which was the dwelling-place of the Pharaohs in the time of Joseph and the Exodus. Acknowledgment is made of contributions amounting to fifty-five dollars.

A boy in Ithaca, in September, 1880, liberated a hawk to whose leg he had attached a metal tag engraved with his name and address. A few days ago a man in Masonville, Virginia, shot what is reasonably presumed to be the same hawk, inasmuch as it was labelled with the same tag.

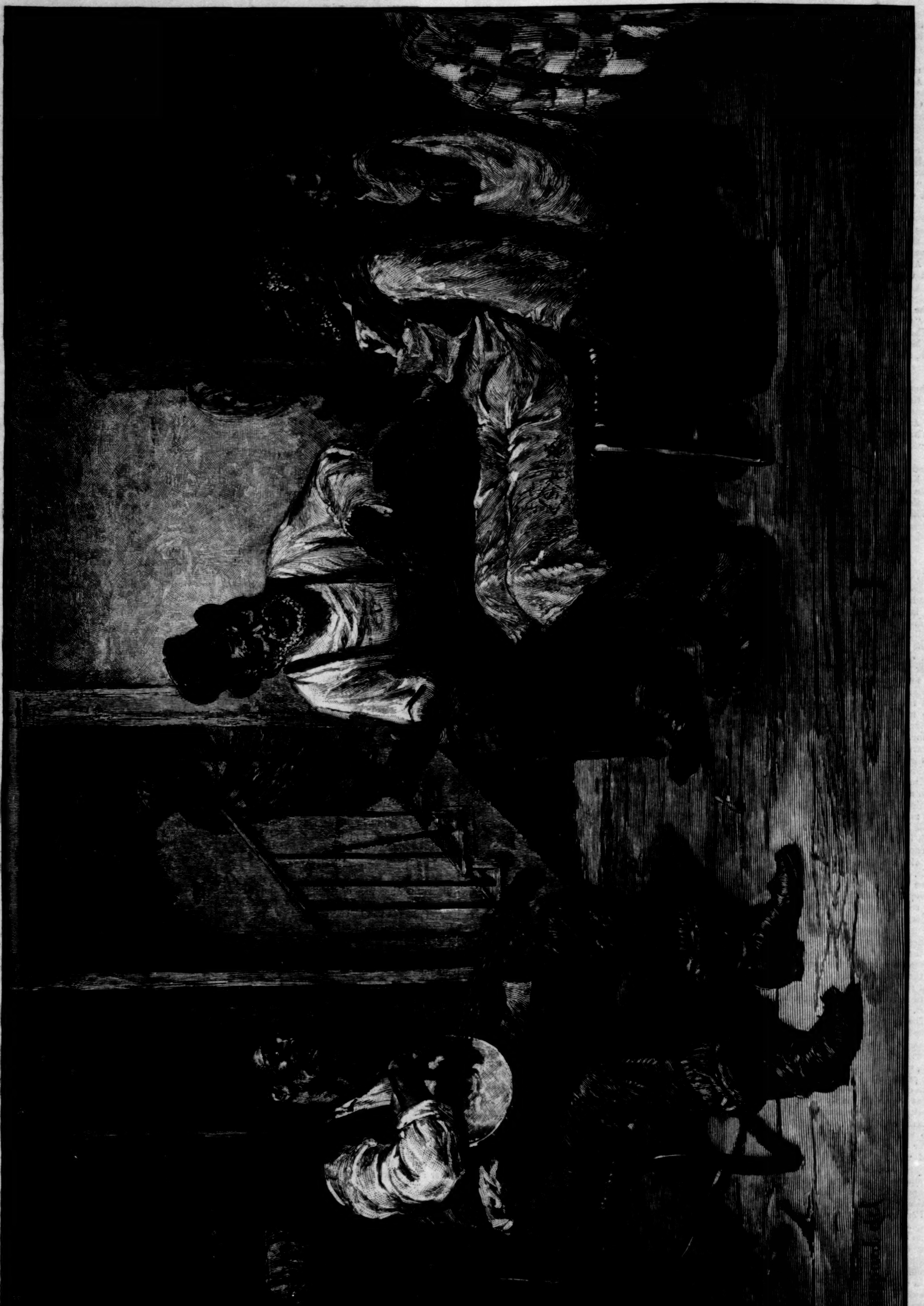
A correspondent in Paris writes that there has been a change in the Parisian conception of what is interesting since Villemot said that an account of an earthquake or the burning of a theatre at the other end of the world interested Paris less than a quarrel of two coachmen in front of the Variétés. He finds a very general interest in the Tonquin matter, and ascribes this change partly to the lesson of the Franco-Prussian war, partly to the influx of the foreign element into the city, and in part to a gradual revolution in the journalism of the French capital.

Some of the railroads leading out of Chicago run "funeral trains," which are advertised in the newspapers under the head-line of the death notices. When interment is to be in one of the cemeteries with which there is railway connection, it is customary to state in the printed notice of the death that the funeral will be by "carriages to Calvary," or "by train to Oakwoods," as the case may be.

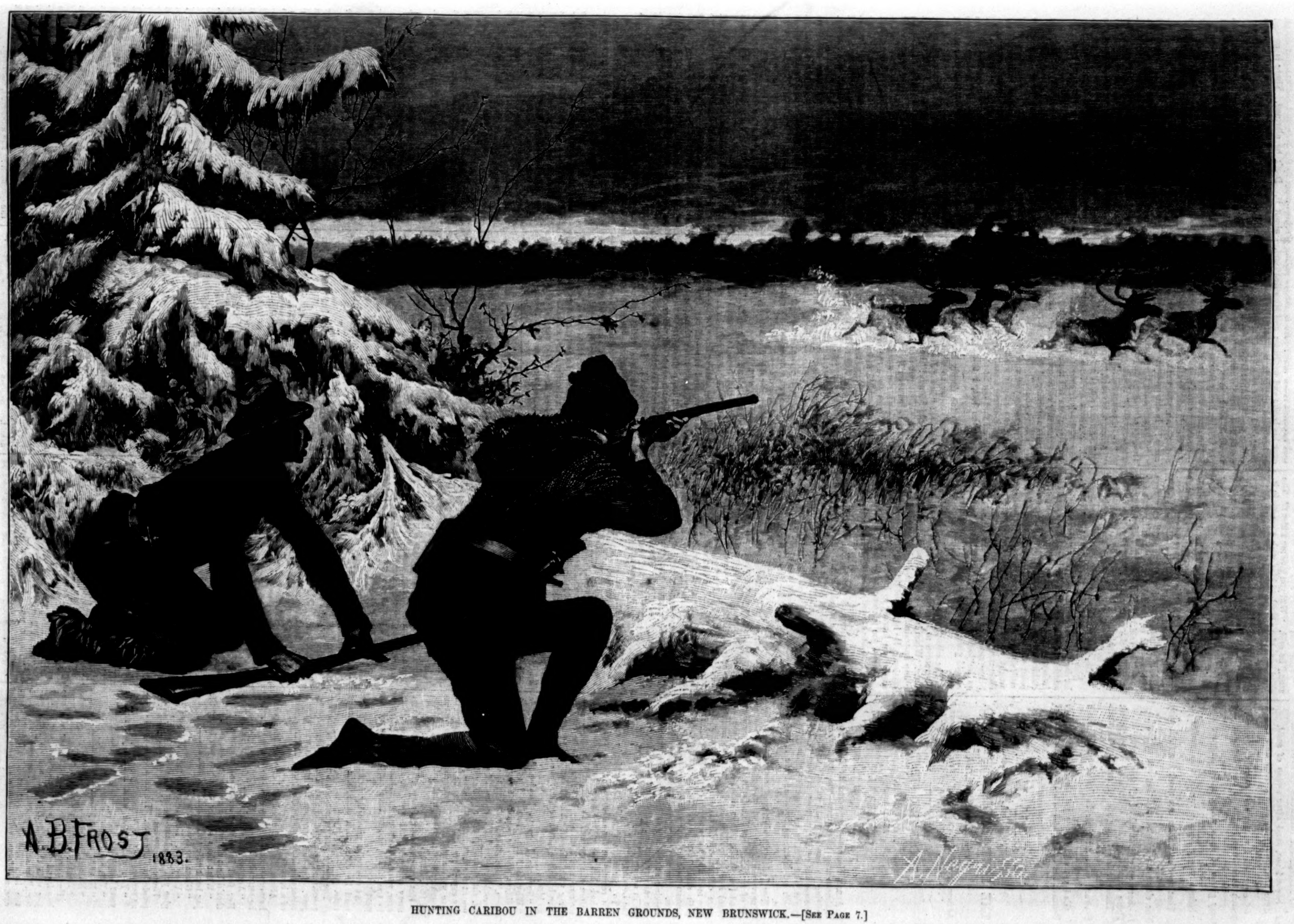
It is said that boarding-houses are rapidly going out of favor—if the word may be used in connection with a boarding-house at all—in Washington. Besides the building of many conspicuous residences within the past year or two, the erection of less pretentious dwellings has been going on briskly all the time. The records of the Inspector of Buildings show that between January 1 and September 1 of the present year over thirteen hundred permits for new buildings, to cost nearly three and one-half million dollars, were granted.

Report is made of a Chicago gentleman who has an extraordinary hand. He was accosted by a bunco man, who proceeded to know him with the utmost effusiveness. The two shook hands. The grasp of the Chicago gentleman began by being cordial, and grew tight. The bunco man winced, and then screamed, and finally fainted. It is averred that the bones of his hand had been broken by the grasp of the Chicago gentleman. Let's see, it has been Chicago feet, hasn't it, that have been held up to public wonder heretofore? And they weren't men's—but never mind.

At the Sunday bull-fight in Madrid in honor of the Crown Prince of Germany the bands played German airs exclusively while Lagartijo, the famous matador, was killing his first bull. Twenty thousand people looked on. The boxes were filled with the aristocracy of Madrid, the ladies wearing no bonnets, but, like the royal ladies, the national mantillas. The police wore mediæval costumes. The bulls that were killed were seven splendid animals from the breeding establishment of the Duke Veraguas, a descendant of Christopher Columbus. Lagartijo's brother, the foremost of the chulos, who bear the banderillas, was repeatedly in imminent danger. Says the Paris *Daily News*: "Apart from the horrible killing of horses, which the toros literally disembowelled, the performance was in no way execrable, human skill always proving superior to brute force. Some of the chulos had little birds inclosed in their banderillas, which the bull, on being wounded, tore away, thus liberating the birds, to the great amusement of the public." Lagartijo is rich. When he saluted the Crown Prince he cried: "Long live the King, the Crown Prince, and the ugliest woman present in the circus to-night!" Among the pointed jokes of the crowd was one which is described as characteristic. A Spaniard, exasperated at the flight of a chulo, cried: "Be not afraid; you will become a captain of Uhlans!" The Crown Prince attended service in the chapel of the German Legation before he went to the bull-fight. Lagartijo presented to the Crown Prince the swords with which he killed the bulls.



ECHOES OF OLD PLANTATION MELODIES.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.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HUNTING CARIBOU IN THE BARREN GROUNDS, NEW BRUNSWICK.—[See Page 7.]

NEAR CROMER.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Sea beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,
Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged with flow
Of channelled waters soft as rain or snow,
Stretch their lone length at ease beneath the bland
Gray gleam of skies whose smile on wave and strand
Shines weary like a man's who smiles to know
That now no dream can mock his faith with show,
Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land.

Is there an end at all of all this waste,
These crumbling cliffs defeatured and defaced,
These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls that slide
Seaward with all their banks of bleak blown flowers
Glad yet of life, ere yet their hopes subside
Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and hours?

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE WAY TO THE VILLAGE.

Alban Morris—discovered by Emily in concealment among the trees—was not content with retiring to another part of the grounds. He pursued his retreat, careless in what direction it might take him, to a foot-path across the fields, which led to the high-road and the railway station.

Miss Ladd's drawing master was in that state of nervous irritability which seeks relief in rapidity of motion. Public opinion in the neighborhood (especially public opinion among the women) had long since decided that his manners were offensive, and his temper incurably bad. The men who happened to pass him on the foot-path said "Good-morning" grudgingly. The women took no notice of him—with one exception. She was young and saucy, and seeing him walking at the top of his speed on the way to the railway station, she called after him, "Don't be in a hurry, sir; you're in plenty of time for the London train."

To her astonishment he suddenly stopped. His reputation for rudeness was so well established that she moved away to a safe distance before she ventured to look at him again. He took no notice of her; he seemed to be considering with himself. The frolicsome young woman had done him a service: she had suggested an idea.

"Suppose I go to London?" he thought. "Why not? the school is breaking up for the holidays, and *she* is going away like the rest of them." He looked round in the direction of the school-house. "If I go back to wish her good-by, she will keep out of my way, and part with me at the last moment like a stranger. After my experience of women, to be in love again—in love with a girl who is young enough to be my daughter—what a fool, what a drivelling degraded fool, I must be!"

Hot tears rose in his eyes. He dashed them away savagely, and went on again faster than ever, resolved to pack up at once at his lodgings in the village, and to take his departure by the next train.

At the point where the foot-path led into the road he came to a stand-still for the second time.

The cause was once more a person of the sex associated in his mind with a bitter sense of injury. On this occasion the person was only a miserable little child, crying over the fragments of a broken jug.

Alban Morris looked at her with his grimly humorous smile. "So you've broken the jug?" he remarked.

"And spilled father's beer," the child answered. Her frail little body shook with terror. "Mother'll beat me when I go home," she said.

"What does mother do when you bring the jug back safe and sound?" Alban asked.

"Gives me bren-butter."

"Very well. Now listen to me. Mother shall give you bread-and-butter again this time."

The child stared at him with the tears suspended in her eyes. He went on talking to her as seriously as ever.

"You understand what I have just said to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got a pocket-handkerchief?"

"No, sir."

"Then dry your eyes with mine."

He tossed his handkerchief to her with one hand, and picked up a fragment of the broken jug with the other. "This will do for a pattern," he said to himself. The child stared at the handkerchief, stared at Alban, took courage, and rubbed vigorously at her eyes. The instinct, which is worth all the reason that ever pretended to enlighten mankind—the instinct that never deceives—told this little ignorant creature that she had found a friend. She returned the handkerchief in grave silence. Alban took her up in his arms.

"Your eyes are dry and your face is fit to be seen," he said. "Will you give me a kiss?" The child gave him a resolute kiss, with a smack in it. "Now come and get another jug," he said, as he put her down. Her red round eyes opened wide in alarm. "Have you got money enough?" she asked. Alban slapped his pocket. "Yes, I have," he answered. "That's a good thing," said the child; "come along."

They went together hand in hand to the village, and bought the new jug, and had it filled at the beer-shop. The thirsty father was at the upper end of the fields, where they were making a drain. Alban carried the jug until they were within sight of the laborer. "You haven't far to go," he said. "Mind you don't drop it again.—What's the matter now?"

"I'm frightened."

"Why?"

"Oh, give me the jug."

She almost snatched it out of his hand. If she let the precious minutes slip away, there might be another beating in store for her at the drain: her father was not of an indulgent disposition when his children were late in bringing his beer. On the point of hurrying away, without a word of farewell, she remembered the laws of politeness as taught at the infant school, and dropped her little courtesy, and said, "Thank you, sir." That bitter sense of injury was still in Alban's mind as he looked after her. "What a pity she should grow up to be a woman!" he said to himself.

The adventure of the broken jug had delayed his return to his lodgings by more than half an hour. When he reached the road once more the cheap up-train from the north had stopped at the station. He heard the ringing of the bell as it resumed the journey to London.

One of the passengers (judging by the hand-bag that she carried) had not stopped at the village.

As she advanced toward him along the road he remarked that she was a small, wiry, active woman—dressed in bright colors, combined with a deplorable want of taste. Her aquiline nose seemed to be her most striking feature as she came nearer. It might have been fairly proportioned to the rest of her face in her younger days, before her cheeks had lost flesh and roundness. Being probably near-sighted, she kept her eyes half closed: there were cunning little wrinkles at the corners of them. In spite of appearances, she was unwilling to present any outward acknowledgment of the march of time. Her hair was palpably dyed—her hat was jauntily set on her head, and ornamented with a gay feather. She walked with a light, tripping step, swinging her bag, and holding her head up smartly. Her manner, like her dress, said as plainly as words could speak, "No matter how long I may have lived, I mean to be young and charming to the end of my days." To Alban's surprise, she stopped and addressed him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Could you tell me if I am in the right road to Miss Ladd's school?"

She spoke with nervous rapidity of articulation, and with a singularly unpleasant smile. It parted her thin lips just wide enough to show her suspiciously beautiful teeth, and it opened her keen gray eyes in the strangest manner. The higher lid rose so as to disclose for a moment the upper part of the eyeball, and to give her the appearance—not of a woman bent on making herself agreeable, but of a woman staring in a panic of terror. Careless to conceal the unfavorable impression that she had produced on him, Alban answered, roughly, "Straight on," and tried to pass her.

She stopped him with a peremptory gesture.

"I have treated you politely," she said, "and how do you treat me in return? Well, I am not surprised. Men are all brutes by nature—and you are a man. 'Straight on?'" she repeated, contemptuously; "I should like to know how far that helps a person in a strange place. Perhaps you know no more where Miss Ladd's school is than I do? or perhaps you don't care to take the trouble of directing me? Just what I should have expected from a person of your sex! Good-morning."

Alban felt the reproof: she had appealed to his most readily impressible sense—his sense of humor. He rather enjoyed seeing his own prejudice against women grotesquely reflected in this flighty stranger's prejudice against men. As the best excuse for himself that he could make, he gave her all the information that she could possibly want, then tried again to pass on, and again in vain. He had recovered his place in her estimation: she had not done with him yet.

"You know all about the way there," she said. "I wonder whether you know anything about the school?"

No change in her voice, no change in her manner, betrayed any special motive for putting this question. Alban was on the point of suggesting that she should go on to the school and make her inquiries there, when he happened to notice her eyes. She had hitherto looked him straight in the face. She now looked down on the road. It was a trifling change: in all probability it meant nothing—and yet, merely because it was a change, it roused his curiosity.

"I ought to know something about the school," he answered; "I am one of the masters."

"Then you're just the man I want. May I ask your name?"

"Alban Morris."

"Thank you. I am Mrs. Rook. I presume you have heard of Sir Jervis Redwood?"

"No."

"Bless my soul! You are a scholar, of course, and you have never heard of one of your own trade! Very extraordinary. You see, I am Sir Jervis's housekeeper; and I am sent here to take one of your young ladies back with me to our place. Don't interrupt me! Don't be a brute again! Sir Jervis is not of a communicative disposition. At least not to me. A man—that explains it—a man! He is always poring over his books and writings; and Miss Redwood, at her great age, is in bed half the day. Not a thing do I know about this new inmate of ours, except that I am to take her back with me. You would feel some curiosity yourself in my place, wouldn't you? Now do tell me. What sort of girl is Miss Emily Brown?"

The name that he was perpetually thinking of—on this woman's lips! Alban looked at her.

"Well," said Mrs. Rook, "am I to have no answer? Ah, you want leading. So like a man again! Is she pretty?"

Still examining the housekeeper with mingled feelings of interest and distrust, Alban answered, ungraciously, "Yes."

"Good-tempered?"

Alban again said, "Yes."

"So much about herself," Mrs. Rook, remarked. "About her family now." She shifted her bag restlessly from one hand to the other. "Perhaps you can tell me if Miss Emily's father"—she suddenly corrected herself—"if Miss Emily's parents are living?"

"I don't know."

"You mean you won't tell me."

"I mean exactly what I have said."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Mrs. Rook rejoined; "I shall find out at the school. The first turning to the left, I think you said—across the fields?"

He was too deeply interested in Emily to let the housekeeper go without putting a question on his side: "Is Sir Jervis Redwood one of Miss Emily's old friends?" he asked.

"He? What put that into your head? He has never even seen Miss Emily. She's going to our house—ah, the women are getting the upper hand now, and serve the men right, I say—she's going to our house to be Sir Jarvis's secretary. You would like to have the place yourself, wouldn't you? You would like to keep a poor girl from getting her own living? Oh, you may look as fierce as you please; the time's gone by when a man could frighten *me*. I like her Christian name. I call Emily a nice name enough. But 'Brown'! Good-morning, Mr. Morris: you and I are not cursed with such a contemptibly common name as that! 'Brown'! Oh, Lord!"

She tossed her head scornfully, and walked away humming a tune.

Alban stood rooted to the spot. The effort of his later life had been to conceal the hopeless passion which had mastered him in spite of himself. Knowing nothing from Emily—who at once pitied and avoided him—of her family circumstances or of her future plans, he had shrunk from making inquiries of others in the fear that they too might find out his secret, and that their contempt might be added to the contempt which he felt for himself. In this position, and with these obstacles in his way, the announcement of Emily's proposed journey—under the care of a stranger, to fill an employment in the house of a stranger—not only took him by surprise, but inspired him with a strong feeling of distrust. He looked after Sir Jervis Redwood's flighty housekeeper, completely forgetting the purpose which had brought him thus far on the way to his lodgings. Before Mrs. Rook was out of sight, Alban Morris was following her back to the school.

CHAPTER VII.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

Miss De Sor and Miss Wyvil were still sitting together under the trees, talking of the murder at the inn.

"And is that really all you can tell me?" said Francine.

"That is all," Cecilia answered.

"Is there no love in it?"

"None that I know of."

"It's the most uninteresting murder that ever was committed. What shall we do with ourselves? I'm tired of being here in the garden. When do the performances in the school-room begin?"

"Not for two hours yet."

Francine yawned. "And what part do you take in it?" she asked.

"No part, my dear. I tried once—only to sing a simple little song. When I found myself standing before all the company, and saw rows of ladies and gentlemen waiting for me to begin, I was so frightened that Miss Ladd had to make an apology for me. I didn't get over it for the rest of the day. For the first time in my life I had no appetite for my dinner. Horrible!" said Cecilia, shuddering over the remembrance of it. "I do assure you I thought I was going to die."

Perfectly unimpressed by this harrowing narrative, Francine turned her head lazily toward the house. The door was thrown open at the same moment. A lithe little person rapidly descended the steps that led to the lawn.

"It's Emily come back again," said Francine.

"And she seems to be rather in a hurry," Cecilia remarked.

Francine's satirical smile showed itself for a moment. Did this appearance of hurry in Emily's movements denote impatience to resume the recital of "the dagger scene"? She had no book in her hand; she never even looked toward Francine. Sorrow became plainly visible in her face as she approached the two girls.

Cecilia rose in alarm. She had been the first person to whom Emily had confided her domestic anxieties. "Bad news from your aunt?" she asked.

"No, my dear; no news at all." Emily put her arms tenderly round her friend's neck." "The time has come, Cecilia," she said. "We must wish each other good-by."

"Is Mrs. Rook here already?"

"It's *you*, dear, who are going," Emily answered, sadly. "They have sent the governess to fetch you. Miss Ladd is too busy in the school-room to see her—and she has told me all about it. Don't be alarmed. There is no bad news from home. Your plans are altered; that's all."

"Altered?" Cecilia repeated. "In what way?"

"In a very agreeable way—you are going to travel. Your father wishes you to be in London in time for the evening mail to France."

Cecilia guessed what had happened. "My sister is not getting well," she said; "and the doctors are sending her to the Continent."

"To the baths at St. Moritz," Emily added. "There is only one difficulty in the way, and you can remove it. Your sister has the good old governess to take care of her, and the courier to relieve her of all trouble on the journey. They were to have started yesterday. You know how fond Julia is of you. At the last moment she won't hear of going away unless you go too. The rooms are waiting at St. Moritz; and your father is annoyed (the governess says) by the delay that has taken place already."

She paused. Cecilia was silent. "Surely you don't hesitate?" Emily said.

"I am too happy to go wherever Julia goes," Cecilia answered, warmly. "I was thinking of you, dear." Her tender nature, shrinking from the hard necessities of life, shrank from the cruelly close prospect of parting. "I thought we were to have had some hours together yet," she said. "Why are we hurried in this way? There is no second train to London from our station till late in the afternoon."

"There is the express," Emily reminded her; "and there is time to catch it, if you drive at once to the town." She took Cecilia's hand, and pressed it to her bosom. "Thank you again and again, dear, for all you have done for me. Whether we meet again or not, as long as I live I shall love you. Don't cry!" She made a faint attempt to resume her customary gayety for Cecilia's sake. "Try to be as hard-hearted as I am. Think of your sister—don't think of me. Only kiss me!"

Cecilia's tears fell fast. "Oh, my love, I am so anxious about you! I am so afraid that you will not be happy with that selfish old man—in that dreary house. Give it up, Emily. I have got plenty of money for both of us; come abroad with me. Why not? You always got on well with Julia when you came to see us in the holidays. Oh, my darling! my darling! What shall I do without you?"

All that longed for love in Emily's nature had clung round her school friend since her father's death. Turning deadly pale under the struggle to control herself, she made the effort—and bore the pain of it without letting a cry or a tear escape her. "Our ways in life lie far apart," she said, gently. "There is the hope of meeting again, dear, if there is nothing more."

The clasp of Cecilia's arms tightened round her. She tried to release herself; but her resolution had reached its limits. Her hands dropped, trembling. She could still try to speak cheerfully, and that was all.

"There is not the least reason, Cecilia, to be anxious about my prospects. I mean to be Sir Jervis Redwood's favorite before I have been a week in his service." She stopped, and pointed to the house. The governess was approaching them. "One more kiss, darling. We shall not forget the happy hours we have spent together; we shall constantly write to each other." She broke down at last. "Oh, Cecilia! Cecilia! leave me, for God's sake—I can't bear it any longer."

The governess parted them. Emily dropped into the chair that her friend had left. Even her hopeful nature sank under the burden of life at that moment.

A hard voice, speaking close at her side, startled her.

"Would you rather be Me," the voice asked, "without a creature to care for you?"

Emily raised her head. Francine, the unnoticed witness of the parting interview, was standing by her, idly picking the leaves from a rose which had dropped out of Cecilia's nosegay.

Had she felt her own isolated position? She had felt it resentfully.

Emily looked at her, with a heart softened by sorrow. There was no answering kindness in the eyes of Miss De Sor—there was only a dogged endurance, sad to see in a creature so young.

"You and Cecilia are going to write to each other," she said. "I suppose there is some comfort in that. When I left the island they were glad to get rid of me. They said, 'Telegraph when you are safe at Miss Ladd's school.' You see, we are so rich the expense of telegraphing to the West Indies is nothing to us. Besides, a telegram has an advantage over a letter—it doesn't take long to read. I dare say I shall write home. But they are in no hurry, and I am in no hurry. The school's breaking up; you are going your way, and I am going mine—and who cares what becomes of me? Only an ugly old school-mistress, who is paid for caring. I wonder why I am saying all this? Because I like you? I don't know that I like you any better than you like me. When I wanted to be friends with you, you treated me coolly; I don't want to force myself on you. I don't particularly care about you. May I write to you from Brighton?"

Under all this bitterness—the first exhibition of Francine's temper at its worst which had taken place since she joined the school—Emily saw, or thought she saw, distress that was too proud or too shy to show itself. "How can you ask the question?" she answered, cordially.

Francine was incapable of meeting the sympathy offered to her even half-way. "Never mind how," she said. "Yes or no is all I want from you."

"Oh, Francine! Francine! what are you made of? Flesh and blood? or stone and iron? Write to me, of course, and I will write back again."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"Thank you. Are you going to stay here under the trees?"

"Yes."

"All by yourself?"

"All by myself."

"With nothing to do?"

"I can think of Cecilia."

Francine eyed her with steady attention for a moment.

"Didn't you tell me last night that you were very poor?" she asked.

"I did."

"So poor that you are obliged to earn your own living?"

"Yes."

Francine looked at her again.

"I dare say you won't believe me," she said. "I wish I was you."

She turned away irritably, and walked back to the house.

Were there really longings for kindness and love under the surface of this girl's perverse nature? Or was there nothing to be hoped from a better knowledge of her? In place of tender remembrances of Cecilia, these were the perplexing and unwelcome thoughts which the more potent personality of Francine forced upon Emily's mind.

She rose impatiently, and looked at her watch. When would it be her turn to leave the school, and begin the new life?

Still undecided what to do next, her interest was excited by the appearance of one of the servants on the lawn. The woman approached her, and presented a visiting-card, bearing on it the name of Sir Jervis Redwood. Beneath the name there was a line written in pencil: "Mrs. Rook, to wait on Miss Emily Brown." The way to the new life was open before her at last!

Looking again at the commonplace announcement contained in the line of writing, she was not quite satisfied. Was it claiming a deference toward herself to which she was not entitled, to expect a letter either from Sir Jervis or from Miss Redwood, giving her some information as to the journey which she was about to undertake, and expressing with some little politeness the wish to make her comfortable in her future home? At any rate, her employer had done her one service, he had reminded her that her station in life was not what it had been in the days when her father was living, and when her aunt was in affluent circumstances.

She looked up from the card. The servant had gone. Alban Morris was waiting at a little distance—waiting silently until she noticed him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

ALLEGED PURE AIR.

ANY one who will look at the health journals or medical journals of his father's time, or of his grandfather's, if that is not more than fifty years back, will find a great deal of discussion on pure air, which is ardently recommended as a good thing to the reader. From the tone of the arguments used one would suppose, indeed, that fresh air was a commodity that had not been introduced to notice in this country until recent years.

But in our time the expediency of open windows and the injuriousness of bad air have been, after much exposition, widely if not generally accepted. At home or on the road people open doors and windows now where formerly they kept them shut, and often to their advantage. Nor do we fear the "night air" as our grandparents did, for we have at last found out that at night there is nothing but night air to be had.

And the fresh-air movement has been in general an excellent thing; it has given improved health and strength to the new generation of Americans, and there is little danger that pure air will ever be quite renounced by a community that is supposed to be continually growing in intelligence.

But the doctrine of pure air has its abuses in practice. It has been made a hobby by unintelligent people. The fate of all good causes is to have bad advocates. It is about some of its abuses that I wish to say a word.

Pure air is undisputably a good thing; but does one always get pure air, as many people seem to believe, by an indiscriminate opening of doors and windows? By no means. An open window often brings in dustier, or colder, or hotter, or fouler air than even the most fervent apostle of ventilation can stand. Many an air purist has caught his death of too much ventilation.

Dust is the first great enemy which the air purist overlooks. Dust probably sickens as many well persons as close air does, and kills as many invalids. But there are people who welcome dust. Ride on a street car, on a dry and windy day, in any of our dusty cities. Of course the best thing you can do in that case is to shut both doors and windows, and keep out all the dust you can. But this does not suit the air fanatic. Some one will be sure to open doors and windows, or both, and to admit this blast of organic filth, borne upon the whirlwind to the lungs of every luckless passenger in the car, and if you remonstrate you will probably be answered by a remark about the importance of "pure air." The air fanatic is quite ignorant of the fact that the dust of our great cities consists in chief part of finely comminuted horse manure. Now in such a case, unless the car be greatly overcrowded, the purest air is actually secured by keeping doors and windows shut. There is little danger on a windy day of too little ventilation; for a car is by no means an air-tight contrivance; and what with its rattling windows and the continual opening and closing of doors, abundant air finds admission, and quite enough dust with it, in spite of all precautions, to work injury upon delicate lungs. People do not understand what a harmful thing dust is, or they would not be so anxious to breathe the so-called "fresh air" of dusty days.

The plague of dust is one of the most scientifically conceived of all the ten plagues of Egypt. Everywhere dust is an enemy to the lungs. It is dangerous in proportion to their weakness. Dust is an enemy impossible to escape entirely; it is the curse of that otherwise delicious climate of California, and it is ubiquitous. Book-lovers know that the book-case has never yet been invented which will keep out the finer dust; and even the makers of fine watch-cases will tell you that they can not make them shut closely enough to prevent absolutely the very finest dust from penetrating to the works.

Now one's lungs certainly require as much consideration as one's watch. The lungs are, indeed, what the watch is not, a self-cleaning apparatus. Yet there is a limit even to Nature's power of dusting out her works. It is said that the lung substance of every person who lives long in London is in greater or less degree dyed black with the carbon that is continually floating in the air of the city. As to London's being the healthiest large city in the world, as claimed by the health reports, it is enough to observe that those reports take no account of the immense multitude of persons who go back into the country, broken in health or fortune, to die.

Dust, then, is a danger quite as real as imperfect ventilation, and it is to be guarded against with more care than is generally employed. It is not a *fussy* rule to hold your breath in the thickest of the dust whirlwinds that one encounters daily in the dirty streets of our cities, or when, as daily in New York, upon our finest avenues, you have to run the gauntlet of those volcanic eruptions on wheels, the dust carts. Where else in the Western world are the cinders and the garbage of a rich man's house dumped into a cart at his own front door? With us, as with the ancient Egyptians, the plague of dust is mortal. By all means let us avoid foul air; but before we throw open our doors and windows, let us ask whether we are going to admit air that is pure.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Sale of a Wife.—Russian Jew-Haters.—A popular Idol.—Advantages of knowing modern Languages.—The Primrose League.

LET us hope that the report of the last Liverpool Assizes will not find its way to Paris to be reported on by some Mr. John Lemoine, and to corroborate the already prevalent views of his countrymen as to the sale of wives in England. A gentleman has been convicted of selling his spouse for a quart of beer, and, what is much more strange, neither he, nor his wife, nor the purchaser, seems to have entertained any doubt but that that simple bargain dissolved the bonds of matrimony in the one case and fixed them in the other.

"How did you come to marry this woman?" inquires his lordship, the judge, of the second husband.

"A bowt her."

"How much did you give for her?"

"Saxpence."

"And were you really fool enough to suppose that you could marry another man's wife?"

"Oi" (which is Lancashire for "yes").

"Do you want to continue to live with her?"

"Aul keep her if you loike."

The judge, who did not wish to incur this responsibility, was fairly flabbergasted, and contented himself with observing, "Everybody in this case has committed bigamy."

The philosopher may perhaps, like Dives, take comfort from the reflection that social rights are even less understood abroad than at home. At a school in Russia, where the profession of Christianity consists in hating the Jews, two young gentlemen, eleven and thirteen respectively, have shown much progress in divinity. A poor little Jew boy having been sent on a message to the school-room in their pedagogue's absence, they at once seized the opportunity of exercising an act of practical piety. "We will shoot this Jew dead," said the younger; and the elder assenting, they took a fowling-piece from the wall and killed him. Then, in order not to make a boast of their good action, they buried the body. The teacher has been "removed to another government."

An absolutely unexampled occurrence has taken place near Venice—a triple suicide. Two lovers in France, and a husband and wife in England, have often destroyed themselves, and there are cases in which parents, from excess of misery, have put an end to both themselves and their offspring; but that three persons should make up their minds to leave the world together at the same time is, so far as I know, without precedent. The victims were three sisters of good family, one suffering from approaching blindness and another from epilepsy, but the third "a young lady of extreme grace and beauty," who had announced her intention of not surviving her sisters. Their last act was to place a wreath of flowers upon their mother's tomb. This is "a riddle of the painful earth" indeed.

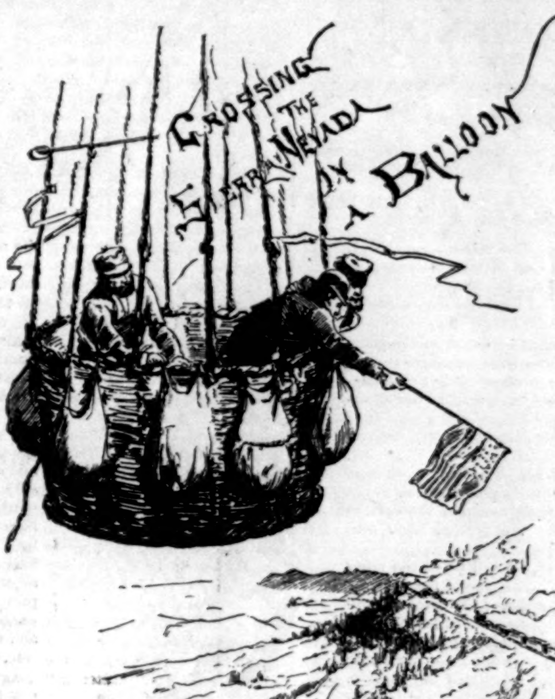
False prophets who are held to be true ones in their own country are not confined to the Soudan. There is a large and influential class who are ready to make not only a prophet, but an idol, of any man who is worth over a million. Lord Overstone having died worth "between twelve and twenty million," is with these people a divinity. Of course his wealth is exaggerated, but at all events he has died shamefully rich. We are told with exultation by his admirers that he had "three hundred thousand pounds a year, and lived upon the interest of his interest." It is added as "rather remarkable," considering his money was made in London and Manchester, that neither of those two cities can point to any work which the great banker has done for them.

It is certainly an advantage to speak German when you don't want to be understood by a third person. On Friday last a man walked into a German jeweller's shop, whose wife only was at the counter, and pocketed (as he thought unseen by her) a couple of watches. Presently her husband entered, and while the thief stood unconsciously at the counter, thinking of what he should steal next, she gave in German a description of what had happened to her spouse. Whereupon, without the least fuss, or so much as an unpleasant word, he beckoned a policeman, and gave the one-languaged individual into custody.

The Crown Prince of Portugal, I am told, can speak fourteen languages, but he does not seem to say anything of much importance in any of them. Mr. Wolf, who is in trouble about blowing up the German Embassy, can speak six. When asked whether he wished for an interpreter, he was rather puzzled. As the case was "serious," he admitted it would be advisable; but, on the other hand, he scarcely knew which tongue was the most familiar to him. In the end, however, he selected German.

It is rather remarkable, considering the strong objections always expressed by Lord Beaconsfield against secret societies, that some of his followers should have banded themselves together in this very way to carry out certain rules and objects "not to be divulged except to members." They have dubbed themselves the Primrose League, out of compliment, no doubt, to their deceased leader's memory, but it seems to me a very inappropriate title for doubtless so formidable a conspiracy. It reminds me of the Jacobite drama in which Buckstone used to play, where the watch-word of the rebels was, "The white rose is a pretty flower"; nor shall I easily forget the assumed obtuseness of the comedian when these words were confided to him, or the indifference with which he was wont to reply, "Well, and whoever said it wasn't?" There is an observation made by Shakespeare which must have escaped the recollection of the founders of the present flowery league, since they neglect its obvious warning, "The primrose path that leads to the everlasting bonfire."

R. KEMBLE, of London.


CROSSING THE SIERRA NEVADA BY A BALLOON

LATE on a clear autumn afternoon of 188– the well-known "Woodward's Gardens," in the city of San Francisco, could scarcely contain a surging crowd come together from all quarters of the city to witness the ascent of a monster balloon. In that ascent our artist and the faithful reporter were directly interested: nor was the flight into ether which they and the captain (an experienced aeronaut) of the undertaking proposed by any means a commonplace affair, being no less than an attempt to cross in mid-air the mighty range of the Sierra Nevada, and land far on the other side of that tremendous palisade in Salt Lake City itself.

It is hardly necessary to state that this aeronautic feat had never been accomplished. Undertaken, the truthful writer regrets to confess, it had been, and by the same venturesome trio, who, sitting in shame on the roof of the cow-shed where they had collapsed at the very outset of their trip, railed at the brick chimney which had wrecked their air-ship, endured the jeers of the throng below with humility, and vowed to repeat the attempt within a week. A charity picnic afforded an excellent opportunity. The balloon had been patched, the temper of the trio restored, and once again the immense swollen bag toppled in air, pulling with all of its 34,000 cubic feet of gas for freedom.

Our party were fairly prompt. We took our places amid the cheers of the crowd. Everything was looked to quickly. "Are you ready?" rang out the question. "Ready; let go!" assented the captain. The cables were jerked off; with the sweep of the hurricane our aerostat shot up into space. The ground, the crowd, the buildings surrounding the gardens, the tallest tree-tops outlying us, dropped like enchantment below — still further below — far beneath. Our undertaking was well begun.

So much has been said of the impressions which the air-voyager derives during the first half-hour of his ascent that space may be saved here. The thrill of intense excitement as all connection with earth seems sundered; the upturned faces and black coats in the concourse of spectators becoming black and white dots; the universal "fore-shortening" of all creation as one looks down upon it—all combine to produce a feeling that can never pall. The fascination of floating at so vast an altitude as a balloon can soon attain is delicious. Few persons are troubled by giddiness. Confused sounds rise lullingly to the ear, one scarcely distinguishable from the rest. A kind of intoxication steals over the navigator. To live and move thus seems a rapture. Small wonder that the man who "balloons" once will "balloon" again and again, each time becoming more infatuated in tempting fate.

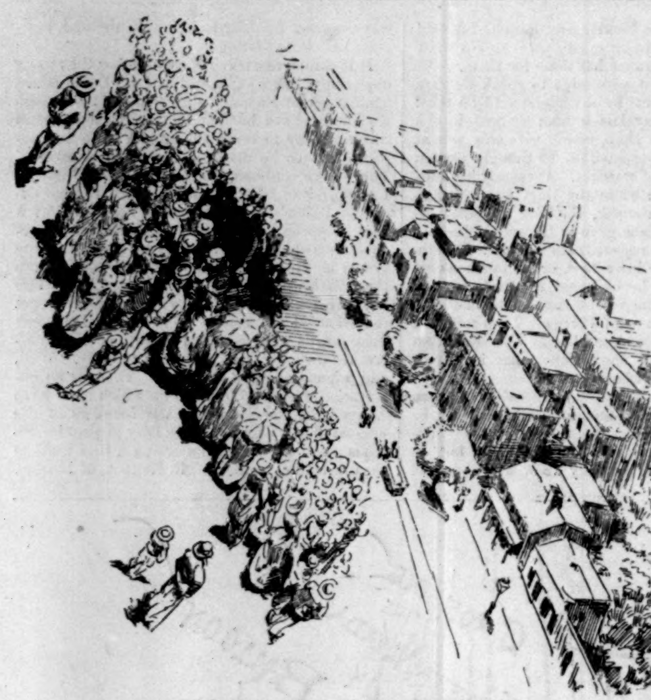
Our evening was perfectly serene and cloudless. A gentle breeze wafted us northward. The earth became a pale green and gray map as we reached the level of two thousand feet above the bay of San Francisco, which stretched out glimmering toward the horizon. We could discern the city, the Golden Gate, the Farallone Islands. On the east rose Mount Diablo and the Coast Range summits. Northward rippled Sacramento Bay, with a golden dust of cloud hanging over it. The prospect invigorated us, and soda-water was appropriately absorbed by all present, stronger beverages being interdicted.

Sunset came on. We had been gradually reaching the speed of ninety miles an hour. Not that it was possible to perceive the fact without scientific help. Even if a hurricane be blowing, there is still the endless sensation of floating, floating, for the air-current and the air-ship keep exact pace. Thanks to the pieces of tissue-paper which were flung out lavishly from time to time, and to the gauze streamers fluttering from our cordage, we could ascertain the direction of the wind. Even a few handfuls of sand thrown out from the ballast bags hanging over the basket's rail caused us to rise perceptibly, for the best and most delicate scales in the chemist's laboratory can not register the fractions of an ounce as does the balloon. The sun went down. Dusk advanced. "We must descend and put up for the night, friends," said our captain. With the vault above turning to a deep indigo, we sank gently, and skirted along the country from which the Coast Range rises.

We were just in time to attract the attention of a number of farm hands returning from work through the fields. With much shouting back and forth our dragging ropes were caught and made fast. "Tie it to anything from a gate post to a steeple," suggested our artist, in a series of whoops worthy of a calliope. After a stiff battle, in which some of our kind assisters were prettily severely pulled about, we found ourselves on *terra firma*, and on the way to a neighboring farm-house. There we made light of a famous supper, washed down gayly with certain superb California wine. Our first stage was accomplished, and we slept the sleep which it would be a great pity for only the just to enjoy.

"Daylight already?" was the common exclamation when our vigilant captain administered sundry shakings to each one of us. In an hour breakfast was over, and we were retracing our steps through the fields. The anchors were loosed after hearty hand-shakes with our hospitable hosts; once more the delightful sensation of boundless freedom and buoyancy. "Isn't this rising early in the morning with a vengeance?" queried one of the fraternity, as the captain announced us to be overtopping sixteen thousand feet.

"The man who will make a joke of that character under such matutinal circumstances deserves to be thrown out of this conveyance," responded the captain, grimly. But our atmospheric conditions were not long favorable to joking. The



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE BALLOON.

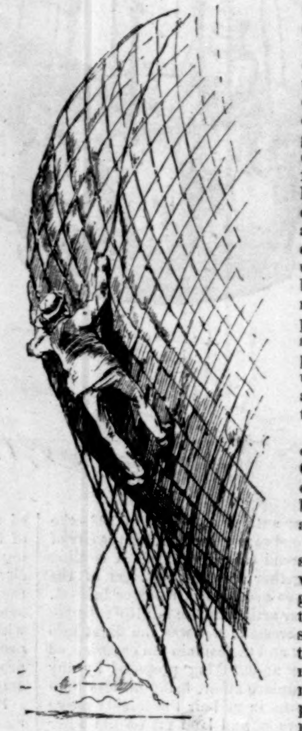
cold grew intense. Our voices seemed mysteriously muffled, and it was necessary to shout instead of chat. Ears tingled, and the rush of blood to the head foreshadowed the sudden nose-bleedings that followed. Our captain, prudent sailor, thoroughly approved of husbanding the ascensional powers of his craft. We dropped apace to a warmer and more normal level, where life was livable at lower pressure.

By this time our second day was well begun. The morning mists evaporated around, above, and below us. The west wind spun us toward the gigantic peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which finally mounted the eastern sky in full sight. We greeted them with cheers.

"Ah, old fellows, we will be on the other side of you soon!" cried one of the party.

"Take care," responded the captain, smilingly; "you are by no means there yet."

Beautifully pencilled in green and black, the forest slopes extended to our view. "Look over there," ejaculated the captain. "Do you make out the track of the Central Pacific? See! there is a train climbing up that grade!" Our artist did make out railroad and train, and contrived to sketch the same. In a little time we passed nearly over both, and caught the rumble and roar of wheels and the sight of a flurry of saluting handkerchiefs from the car windows. But our mighty air-ship could not delay for courtesies: the lightning express fell far behind. Steadily, wind and all else favorable, we rose and swept forward. With a fresh cheer we saw the highest peak of the lofty mountain wilderness lying three thousand feet beneath us. "At this rate we shall be on the other side and asleep in Salt Lake City to-night," cried two of us.



A PERILOUS FEAT.

Alas! this boast was scarcely uttered before its punishment came upon us. Streaks of cloud suddenly appeared above the great Nevada table-lands. The wind veered to the north. Its speed and ours increased each moment. Our captain's uneasiness grew evident. A moisture like dew began to freeze over us. We began to sink rapidly. Clearly we were in train for experiences of a most unexpected sort.

"Throw out the ballast!" called our captain. Rising once more, we darted into a dense cloud, and there drifted with lightning speed still northward. Water froze upon our cordage. There was only one thing now to do. "Over with *all* the ballast!" commanded our leader. The command was in vain. We shot down perpendicularly with the speed of a bullet—1500 feet in each second. Presently the whizzing of the gale in the tree-tops of the mountain summits became terribly audible. To land under such conditions was impossible. Everything we possessed was tossed overboard—our spare clothing, our provisions—still to no purpose.

A moment or two later, with a series of crashes and bounds and leaps that made us hold on like grim death itself, our basket was dragged through the thick-set pine-tops. Who could fitly describe the frightful sensations that ensued? With all visions dissipated of success in our expedition, and possibly reaching Salt Lake City or anywhere else alive, we crouched with clinched hold and set teeth in the wicker car. Occasionally, as we were borne across some depression in the mountains' sides, we were free from collisions, and were swept somewhat upward. I well remember that during one of these intervals our captain, finding the rope of the escape-valve had become entangled above, with masterly address clambered the net-work of the bounding globe, and clinging tightly to what slender hold he found, adjusted it. It was a feat to tremble at in recollecting. In less than ten minutes after it had been accomplished we struck the tree-tops again, and were hurled more mercilessly than ever amongst their creaking branches, until with one tremendous shock our basket struck the stronger limbs of a mighty forest giant, and held firm. To pull the ripping-rope was the work of a second. With a crack a whole seam of the balloon parted. The gas fell about us in our wretched situation, nearly choking us. Our late tyrant collapsed, and hung suspended from its colossal peg, the pine-tree. We were safe.

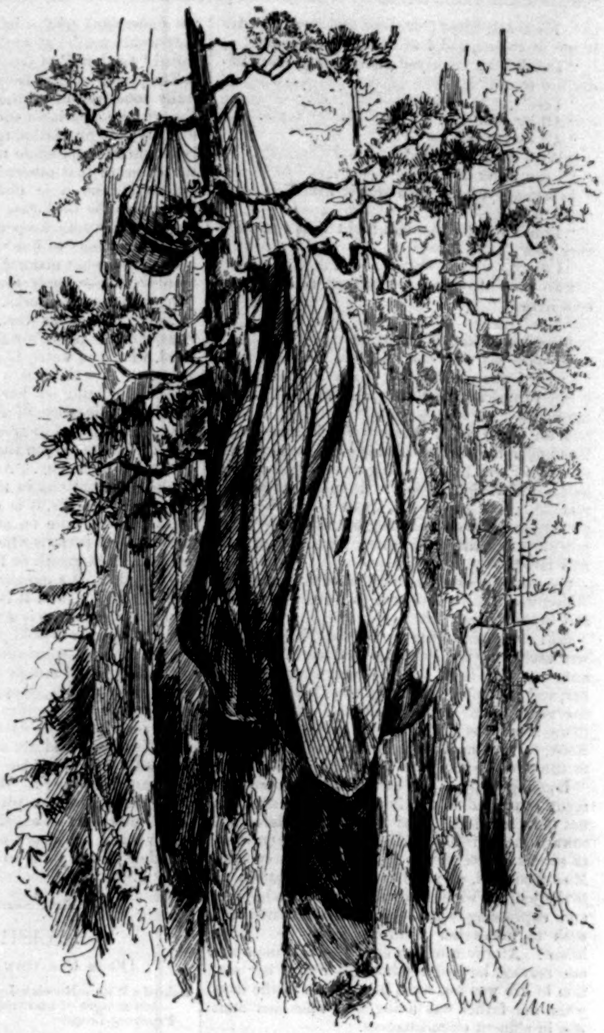
Upon the remaining adventures of that luckless day neither reporter nor artist is disposed to dilate. Our valiant captain, being inured to such untimely ends to all the pomp and circumstance of glorious ballooning, was subsequently seen to smile over the affair.

With vast difficulty we managed to glide down the slippery trunk of the pine, whose only branches, among which we were perched, grew eighty feet from the ground. We had landed on the summit of a spur of the Sierras. By compass we took our bearings, and set out for shelter. Around us rose the wilderness pure and simple. There was no trace of road or habitation, and we were forced to fight our way through the dense undergrowth until nightfall. Without provisions, and utterly exhausted, our little party threw themselves down under the thicket's shelter, and slept till the pallid dawn. A second day of such fruitless wandering meant something so nearly approaching to death that we hardly cared to contemplate it as we trudged onward.

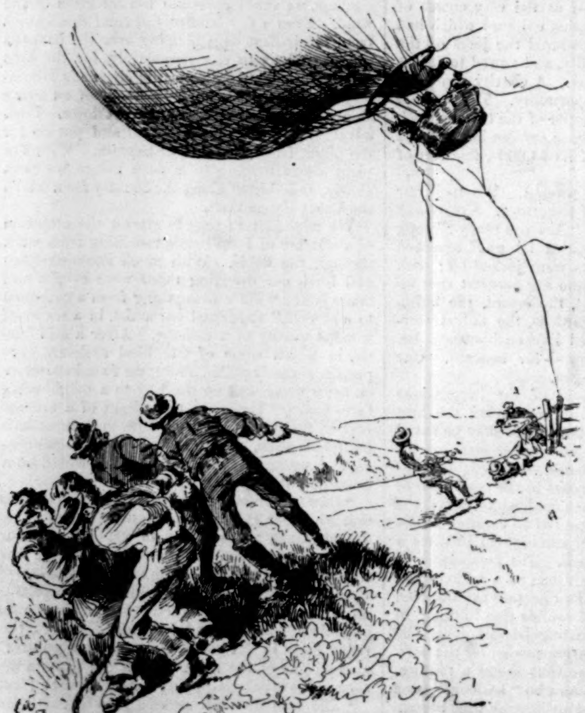
By noon of the second day the strength of one of the party had given out entirely. The other two were manfully preparing to carry him between them, when a roaring brook was struck, and feebly followed with reviving hope. It was scarcely a quarter of an hour before the expected flume was discovered, at the foot of a steep declivity. A solitary Chinaman stood beside it plying a spade. We made our way toward him. At first our haggard appearance and scarcely understood tongue made the suspicious Celestial little disposed to listen to us or have aught to do with us; but, speedily becoming convinced that we had no designs upon his claim, he lent a very wondering and compassionate ear to the narrative which our captain communicated, and presently summoned all his pigtailed fellowship to hearken and aid us. We were, in truth, very kindly cared for by our yellow-faced friends during the two days which we found we must pass in that lonely camp before mules and wagons and men could be summoned from Nevada City, fifty miles distant.

When they arrived the balloon was looked up, and, ripped apart, forwarded to Reno. The overland train was finally taken, and our trio speeded to San Francisco, in defeat, but with thankful souls. We shook hands at the station and parted, each man eager to rejoin the friends who had well-nigh given him up for lost.

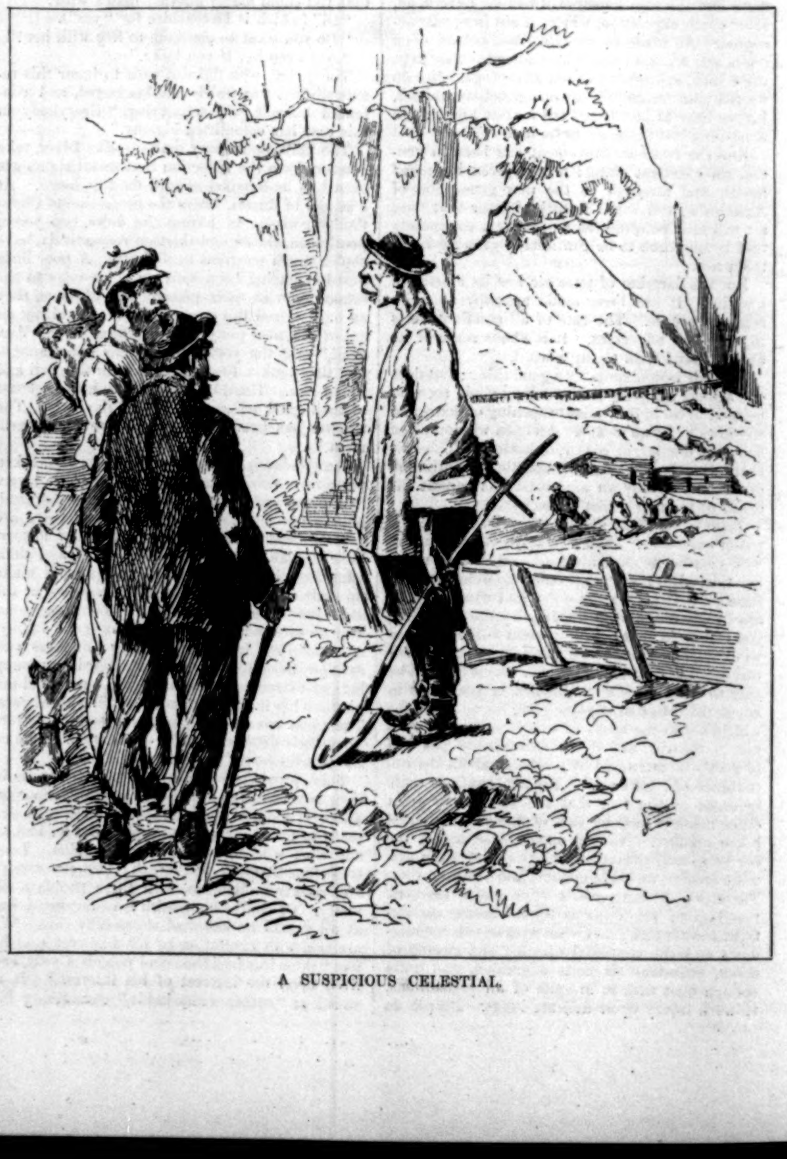
And, nevertheless, if I remember rightly, our very last sentences together conveyed a distinct and unanimous hint in favor of the repetition of our aerial undertaking; for, as has been said, though the balloonatic be brayed in a mortar, yet will his folly not depart from him—from one of our trio, it is to be feared, never.



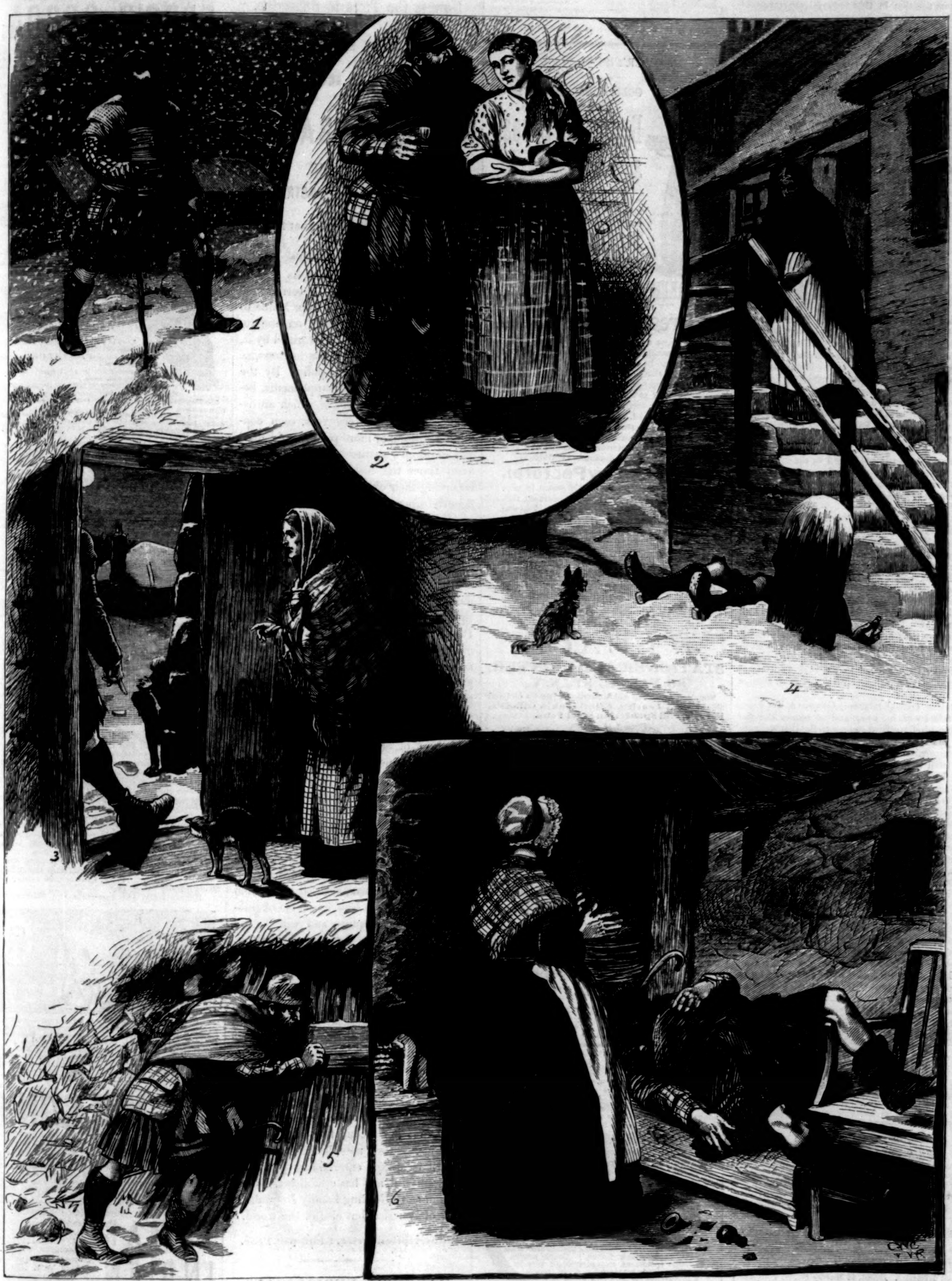
UP A TREE.



FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE.



A SUSPICIOUS CELESTIAL.



THE FIRST-FOOTING.

1. Hamish starts to First-Foot his lass and various cousins. 2. "Next year, Maggie, I'll hae to gang outside the door before I come in." 3. "Is that Mickle McNab or Will McNab?" "Toots, woman, it's nane of us; it's me." 4. "Come awa in, Hamish." "Ye'll need tie a bit o' string round me fut and dra' it in." 5. The last call. "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie?" (Unfortunately he was knocking at the cow-shed.) 6. Home next morning. "Just like his puir father," said his admiring mother.

FIRST-FOOTING.

THERE are two kinds of "first-footing" in Scotland, which are still observed in the rural districts of that country on New-Year's Day, although not to the extent of former times. There is the "wassail," or "hot pint," when neighbors carrying a kettle of hot ale, sweetened and spiced, and with an infusion of spirits, visit each other's houses when the knell of the departed year has struck. Each member of the family drink good wishes for the new year. Those who enter a house first after the clock has struck twelve are called "first-foot."

The other "first-footing" is of the character of gallant adventure. The ardent lover issues forth at the witching hour in the hope that, in answer to his knock, the young maiden of his choice will open the door, when he can demand the favor of a kiss as her "first-foot." But sometimes, either through accident or as a practical joke, the door may be opened by some wizen-faced grandam instead of the blooming Jenny or Maggie.

TWO KINGS AND THEIR COOKS.

WE have all heard a great deal about the connection between cookery and civilization, and if we believed half we have heard we might suppose that cookery was not only the first impulse toward civilization, but its crowning triumph, and that the cook was at once the chief cause and the chief event of history.

For myself, I do not believe so much as this. I might admit, perhaps, that there was something in the character of Cazenema's *menus* that tended to the precipitating of three kings in succession—his employers—from their thrones, and that a something mystic, fatal, ferocious, in his side dishes assisted in three times emptying the Tuileries of its royal inmates. But I would not go so far as to say that his seasonings have had any lasting influence upon the policy of French democracy. However this may be, I have within my own experience met, in the person, two kings—dethroned and decooked—whose loss of a throne coincided with the loss of a cook.

When I had the honor of his acquaintance his Highness Yakoob Khan was Ameer of Cabool, but, from causes that I need not here recall, he saw fit to abdicate his Afghan throne, and was deported, "for urgent political reasons," into British India. Mark the conspicuous position in this imperial overthrow at once assumed by the Ameer's cook!

On the one side stood Western Asia, on the other British India, with all eyes intent upon the Afghan prince to note his next act. A British general was at his gates demanding abdication. Would he abdicate or not? Peace or war depended upon his decision. Two armies stood at ease to catch his next word. The Russian General Tergukasoff, scampering away, beaten, from the Tekke Turkomans, checked his headlong flight, and the Tekke Turkomans their furious pursuit. The Musk-of-the-Earth, and the other fanatical moollahs who had been stirring up strife among the tribes, held their breath; the Ghoorkha stooping to set a match to a dead Ghilzai's clothes burned his own fingers, inattentive to the lucifer; the live Ghilzai, tugging off a camel's skin, paused to listen just as he had got it over the ears. From the Oxus to the Helmund, and away across the stately Indus to the rivers of Hindostan, a thousand cities rested on tiptoe.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice protesting against exile. It was the Ameer's cook!

He refused to abdicate—to quit the palace. His royal master expostulated, but in vain. The cook refused to go from Cabool, and the sovereign refused to go without his cook. Peace and war trembled in the balances. Diplomacy stood by perplexed, and all India asked, "What is the new complication?" But it was only the cook; and awaiting his acquiescence, Great Britain held her sword half unsheathed for several days!

At last, however, by a desperate effort, Yakoob Khan tore himself away from his palace, from his cook, and a sigh of relief traversed the British dominions from Pall Mall to Calcutta. So the prince was led away into exile, while his faithless *chef* remained behind to cook for his successor—an exile imbittered by the ever-recurring regret for "the touch of a vanished hand" from favorite cabob and pilao, from the sherbet his soul loved, and the mithai that was dear to him!

In Zulu was afforded me another experience of the extraordinary influence of cooks upon kings. No impression had been made upon Cetywayo by his defeat at Kambula, for he set off his victory at Zhlobane against it, while in the British camp the triumph of the relief of Etchowe was obscured by the tragedy on the Tugela River, where a Zulu cow charged General Crealock, and, in spite of all his strategy and all his staff, rolled him over in the Zulu mud.

Fortune thus held her scales with even hand, and while the fat chief Oham was assuring us in the west of the demoralization of his countrymen, the lanky Dabulamanzi in the east was taking long shots at John Dunn with one of John Dunn's own rifles.

At this critical moment, Cetywayo, the king, quarrelled with his cook, and no sooner had the distinguished recreant come into the British camp with his retinue of eighteen followers (presumably turnspits) than the importance of the defection from the royal kitchen became evident, and even Lord Chelmsford's mean capacity grasped the fact that the dynasty of Chaka was doomed.

The British troops were allowed to concentrate without opposition, and Evelyn Wood swept Zululand unchallenged. The Zulus had lost heart—their king had lost his cook! With a want of decision utterly foreign to his character, Cetywayo ordered war one day and countermanded it the next, but, under the ever-present sense of calamity impending upon him, kept daily falling back, and at last he reached the Umdolose, "the cradle of his power," and fatal Uliendi. The rest is well known. Cook or no cook, sovereignty was worth half a struggle more, and then the dragoons pounced upon him. The wretched monarch, just before his capture, had himself assisted at the torrefaction—if I may use such a word, for I can not call it cooking—of a cow, and hence, no doubt, the sadness that marked his countenance when taken prisoner. To be dethroned is in itself sufficient to induce melancholy; but what a dejection must accompany dethronement when indigestion has supervened! PHIL. ROBINSON.

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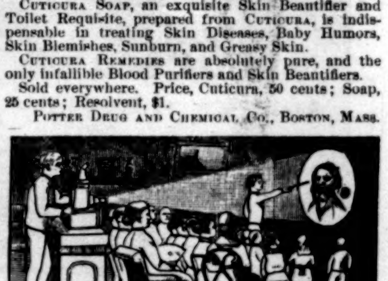

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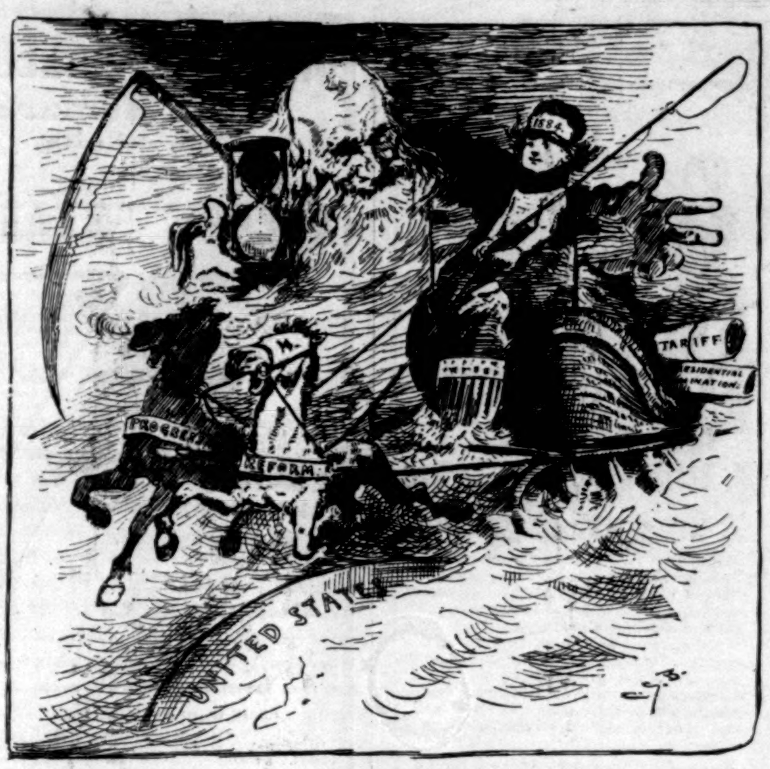

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